

The ELONIAN

NOVEMBER, 1907

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Elon College, N. C.

Wm

VOLUME 1.

**DEDICATED TO REV. WILLIAM SAMUEL LONG, D. D.,
GRAHAM, N. C.**

FIRST PRESIDENT OF ELON COLLEGE.

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Rev. William Samuel Long, A. M., D. D.

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REV. WILLIAM SAMUEL LONG, D. D.

[It is the purpose of the publishers of THE ELONIAN to dedicate each volume of the magazine to some individual who has been prominently connected with Elon College, or who has, by reason of his benefactions or other eminent service, left the impress of his life upon the institution. At the close of each year all the numbers of each volume are to be bound together in permanent book form, and placed in the College Library. In this way, we hope to, preserve brief, but accurate, facts in the lives of as many as possible of those who have been largely instrumental in making Elon College what it is today, and of those who shall be largely instrumental in developing the "greater Elon of the future."]

This being the purpose, naturally the first volume is dedicated to Rev. W. S. Long, D. D., who was the leading spirit in the establishment of the College, and who was its first President.]

William Samuel Long, D. D., son of Jacob and Jane Stuart Long, was born near Graham, Alamance County, N. C., October 22nd, 1839. His parents were not highly educated, but were thoroughly honest and held in great esteem by all who knew them. Theirs was a good Christian home; so William's early surroundings were favorable to the development of that high type of Christian character which has been manifest in his life from his early boyhood days.

His father gave him the advantage of the public school and academy of his community, and this awakened within him a desire for a still better education. After leaving the academy he pursued his collegiate studies further; and while the Civil War prevented his completing a regular college course, his scholarly attainments were such that in 1872 Trinity College conferred upon him the M. A. degree, and in 1890 Union

Christian College, of Muncie, Ind., honored him with the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

June 25, 1861, he was married to Miss Elizabeth Faucette, daughter of John Faucette, then Clerk of the Superior Court of Alamance County. Eight children were born to them, only four of whom are still living—Edgar and Dr. W. S., Jr., of Graham, N. C.; Mrs. S. A. Halleman, of Greensboro, N. C., and Mrs. A. F. Franklin, of South Boston, Va. His third son, Benj. F., Jr., died in early manhood, soon after having entered the practice of law with his uncle, Judge B. F. Long, of Statesville, N. C.; Ben was a graduate of Elon College, as is also Edgar, both completing their course in June, 1893. On October 27, 1903, the death angel again entered the home and took away the wife and mother, who for forty-two years had proven herself a faithful companion and helper in all that concerned the welfare and happiness of her loved ones.

Dr. Long's greatest work has been in the ministry and in the educational field; and so active and so influential has he been in both of these spheres that it would be difficult to say whether he is greater as minister or as educator.

He began his ministry in the Christian Church in the year 1860, and has been preaching to one or more churches almost continuously ever since. There are few abler ministers in the State today than Dr. Long. Besides being prominent in pulpit work, he has also been a leader in the official councils of his church. He was for eight years President of the Southern Christian Convention, and has almost always been chairman or member of one or more of the most important committees of the Convention. He has also served as President of his Conference at different times for a number of years.

As an educator he has been active and prominent in his county, in his State, and in his church. For many years, at two or three different times, he has served as Superintendent of Schools for Alamance County, and has been largely instrumental in making the public schools of the county what they are today—among the very best to be found in the State.

At the close of the war, Dr. Long founded "Graham Fe-

male Seminary," which was afterwards succeeded by "Graham High School," "Graham Normal College," and "Elon College," he being the founder and leading spirit in the establishment of all these.

It was in the latter part of the 80's that our people began to realize as never before, that if the Christian Church, South, was to measure up to the responsibilities that were upon it, and do its part of the world's work in bringing men and women to Christ, it was absolutely necessary to give our young men and young women a collegiate education; and with this purpose in view, and in order to its more speedy attainment, the Southern Christian Convention decided, in the year 1888, to take immediate, definite and determined steps to establish a college of its own. The movement met with popular favor, and when, in 1889, Elon College was chartered by the State of North Carolina, all eyes in the Christian Church naturally turned to Dr. Long as the man to undertake the work of its establishment. He was elected as the first President of the College, in which position he gave four years of the most faithful, and, at the same time, the most strenuous service, that it is possible for a man of strong physique, strong mind, and a courageous heart to render to his church, to his State, and to Him to whom in early youth he had dedicated his life.

Following his voluntary retirement from the presidency of the College, in 1894, after a brief and well-earned rest, Dr. Long again took up the work of the ministry, to which he devoted his entire time, until, in 1899, when his native county again called him to serve as Superintendent of its schools, which position he still holds.

April 19, 1905, Dr. Long was married to his present wife, Mrs. Mary Virginia Ames, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. T. R. Gaskins, of Nansewood County, Va., and they live at Graham N. C., near the place of his birth.

I know no more fitting tribute with which to conclude this brief sketch than is found in the words of Dr. W. W. Staley, his strong co-worker and life-long friend: "A student, a thinker, an orator, a genial companion, a worker, Dr. Long takes his place easily among the first men of work in North

Carolina. He has not pressed his claims upon public confidence and favor, but he has come into position and useful service by virtue of stalwart manhood, excellent religious character, unsullied reputation, and fidelity to duty. No duty is too small for his painstaking attention, and no position too large for his natural and acquired capacity. Many have sat at his feet to learn wisdom, and many have touched his heart to find it a fountain of sympathy."

EMMETT L. MOFFITT.



JOHN HENRY BONER AND THE STORY OF HIS BEST LYRIC.

Three years ago, the 11th of next December, on Sunday afternoon, a large concourse of people met in a solemn service at the old Moravian Church in Salem, North Carolina. Distinguished out-of-town visitors were in the audience and upon the platform. The occasion was the funeral ceremonies over the remains of the town's most noted son, John Henry Boner. He had died in Washington, D. C., March 6 of the preceding year, and had been buried there in the Congressional Cemetery, with no stone to mark his grave. His admirers talked of a monument for him in Washington, but it was decided finally to remove him to his native soil, and now his grave may be found just to the right after entering the Moravian Cemetery, in Salem, N. C., through the center gate.

The small white slab that marks the green grave bears the following inscription:

JOHN HENRY BONER

Born in Salem, N. C.

January 31, 1845.

Died in Washington, D. C.

March 6, 1903.

The gentlest of minstrels, who caught his

Music from the whispering pines.

Boner came of a good family, some of them regarded as wealthy. His parents, however, were poor, and their two boys had to earn part of their support. John Henry was given advantages of what schooling the small town afforded, which was limited. The Civil War came with his sixteenth year. Henceforth his education was gathered from the printing office, which he entered as an apprentice in his teens. He was connected with newspapers in Salem and Asheville, part of

the time as compositor and part of the time as editor, until his twenty-third year, 1868, when he secured a position as Reading Clerk in the North Carolina Constitutional Convention. He was Chief Clerk of the General Assembly of the State 1869-70, and it was in Raleigh that he found his bride.

He was a strong partisan in politics on the unpopular side. This fact made it advisable for him to seek employment and promotion beyond the bounds of his native state. He soon secured a civil service position in the government printing office at Washington, D. C. Here for fifteen years, till after the election of Grover Cleveland, the first Democratic President after the war, he labored as compositor and proof-reader. In the meantime, 1883, he published his first volume of verse, "Whispering Pines," which was kindly received by his friends but brought him little renown from the public at large. He was charged with undue partisanship in politics and so lost his position in the government printing office.

He now went to New York upon invitation of Edward Clarence Stedman, the poet and patron of poets, by whom a position was secured for him on the editorial staff of "The Century Dictionary." Here he worked side by side with Dr. Marcus Benjamin, now of Washington, D. C., who became a constant and valuable friend. It was here also that he labored with Dr. Rossiter Johnson, still of New York, who became an abiding friend.

Boner's lyrics now served as a passport into the Authors' Club, in which he was honored with a membership in 1888.

While on the Century staff, he did much proof-reading on Stedman's Library of American Literature. He served for a time as literary editor of the New York World. Then for three years, 1892-94, was engaged as one of the editors in preparing The Standard Dictionary.

Upon the completion and publication of this dictionary, The Funk and Wagnalls Co., recognized Boner's ability by making him editor of The Literary Digest, which position he held about three years, and might have held it at will but for his dogged persistence in having his own way. He had great-

ly improved the periodical, as anyone may see who will take the time to compare the volumes issued during these three years with those just preceding, and severed his connection only because he could not have his will about some minor matter of the publication.

In the meantime he had built a home on Staten Island, which he named "Cricket Lodge." It was the only home Boner ever owned and with the loss of a remunerative editorship went the hope of owning this till death, and finally went the home itself. The following quotations from his lyrics show his changing hopes. This is from "Cricket Lodge" upon lighting his first fire there Oct. 15, 1893:

"On a green and breezy hill
Overlooking Arthur Kill
And the Orange Mountains blue
In their everchanging hue—
Here not far from where the gull
Skims along the Kill von Kull,
Winging to the upper bay
Thence the ocean vast to roam,
Here for life's remaining day
I have builded me a home."

But he would have preferred making his home in the Old North State, for the poem continues—

"Rather had I hewn my beam
By old Yadkin's gentle stream—
Rather there on wintry days
Felt the cheery lightwood's blaze,
Heard the cawing of the crow
And the wild goose honking go—
Rather there the summer long
Melon, fig and scuppernong
Seen and tasted—rather there
Felt the ever balmy air;
But not thus the stern fates would.
Be it so—and God is good."

After a while failing health and a diminishing purse bring forebodings as expressed in "Lodge and Mansion"—

"How shall I for a livelihood provide
 Another year, that I may lock my door
 Each night upon a small but certain store,
 And safely in my little lodge abide?
 Surely I have no heaven offending pride;
 I earn my bread, nor feel the labor sore;
 Have little, but no spite for who has more;
 Yet I do always fear the reckless stride
 Of some rude fate toward my cherished all.
 Shame on such fears. Down, down beside thy
 bed
 This night, remembering that the sparrow's fall
 Is noted, and the cricket wisely fed.
 Not for thy lodge, but for a mansion call,
 To Him who had not where to lay his head."

This fear, this foreboding would not down, and the story of how this uneasiness brought a dreaded reality is told in a later poem, "The Wolf"—

"The wolf came sniffing at my door,
 But the wolf had prowled on my track before,
 And his sniff, sniff, sniff at my lodge door-sill
 Only made me laugh at his devilish will.

* * * * *

And the time came when I laughed no more,
 But glanced with fear at my frail lodge door,
 For now I knew that the wolf at bay
 Sooner or later would have his way.

* * * * *

A crash, and my door flew open wide,
 My strength was not as the beast's at my side.
 That night on my hearthstone cold and bare
 He licked his paw and made his lair."

The tragedy that these poems reveal is what many

another has experienced, and was second in Boner's life only to what followed the next few remaining years.

Destitution forced him to appeal to friends in Washington. A position as proof-reader was secured for him in the government printing office. But consumption had sapped his strength and he could not do even the light service assigned him. In the summer of 1901 he came to North Carolina and staid until about the first of January, 1902, getting money for this trip by publishing a little pamphlet of poems written since the publication of "Whispering Pines," and published at intervals in the magazines,—the "Century" mainly. During this last visit to North Carolina, Boner went to the old homestead in Salem, and under the title "Broken and Desolate" speaks touchingly of his mingled feelings as he entered the house:

"My very footfall on the floor
Was unfamiliar. It did seem
To me like walking in a dream—
All sadly altered—home no more—
A shattered house—a fallen gate—
A missing tree—red barren clay
Where flowers once stood in bright array—
All changed—all broken—desolate.

But when I came to stand within
The room where summer moons had shed
Soft luster round my dreamful bed
When my young life was free from sin—

* * * * *

I could no more—I pressed my face
Against the silent wall, then stole
Away in agony of soul,
Regretting that I had seen the place."

Upon his return to Washington he was able to take up his task at the desk again, but his strength soon failed and it was now a struggle against the relentless hand of disease until the foe conquered Mar. 6 1903. Friends were not

wanting and the anxiety expressed in the following lines some years before, did not trouble his ebbing life:

"Where shall my grave be—will a stone
Be raised to mark a while the spot,
Or will rude strangers, caring not,
Bury a man to them, unknown,

It was his desire to be buried beneath the shade of the trees in the Moravian cemetery at Salem and it was the expression of that desire in this poem, "City Bells" that occasioned the event mentioned in the beginning of this sketch of his life. The closing lines of the poem are:

* * * But by God's good grace
Where'er it be my fate to die,
Beneath those trees in whose dark shade
The first loved of my life are laid
I want to lie."

Boner's lyrics are sweet, gentle songs of the heart. They are pleasurable fireside companions after the day's work is done, and should be in far more homes and hearts than they are.

THE STORY OF HIS BEST POEM.

The one lyric above any other that is likely to keep Boner's name alive is "Poe's Cottage at Fordham." The story of how it came to be written is thus told by a friend and companion of Boner's:*

"It was late in October, 1888," says this friend. "when we finally made our little pilgrimage to the Poe Cottage. * * * The day was somber and chill, no otherwise than must have been that day forty years ago in the lonesome October of Poe's 'most immortal year,' upon which he conceived his *Ulalume*.

Through an afternoon, we lingered in and about the cottage by the grace of the only man then tenancing it, * * * Within the cottage * * the main room, the narrow cham-

*E. C. Stedman in *Century Magazine*, Vol. 73, pp. 770-73.

ber to the left,—as stripped and sordid as when poor Virginia lay a-dying,—and the two rooms under the roof, all conform to the oft recounted traditions.

My companion [Boner], deeply impressed, renewed all the passion of his youth for the most renowned of Southern writers. As we finally left the plateau [upon which Fordham Cottage stands], he exclaimed: 'You must write a poem about this visit.' I replied that I would much sooner edit the poet's works after a different method from that previously applied to them.* 'But look here,' I added, 'do you see a poem in this?'

'Indeed, I do,' he replied with emphasis.

'Then,' I said, 'go straight home, and write it while you feel it—that is the one recipe for making the best lyric.'

Boner was, in fact, a natural lyricist * * *, but when he brought to me, after a few days, his first draft of *Poe's Cottage at Fordham*, I saw at once that he had written better than he could, or than anyone else could, or need hereafter write upon the same theme.

Several stanzas seemed to both of us still unfinished, but the poem was captured, and he laid it by and worked over it at intervals until it reached the perfection to which so con-juring a rime was entitled. In the spring, accordingly, I read it to the editor of 'The Century,' who was instantly impressed by it, and, though unaware of its authorship, declared that it must appear in the magazine with a special picture of the cottage.

He was equally surprised and pleased to learn that it was composed by a proof-reader on the Century Dictionary * *

The new contributor had full reason to be contented with the editorial welcome given to his lyric, and still more so with the praise which it received from readers of every class when it appeared in the magazine for November, 1889.

After the test of time it seems to have taken its place as a little classic, and is one of the finest American lyrics in point of melody, form, and * * * haunting impression."

*Mr. Stedman and George E. Woodberry, later, edited Poe's complete works. Stedman edited a volume entitled "American Poets," in which he gives a critical estimate of Poe's works.

The following is the full text of the poem as printed in
"Boner's Lyrics," 1903:

POE'S COTTAGE AT FORDHAM:

"Here lived the soul enchanted
By melody of song;
Here dwelt the spirit haunted
By a demoniac throng;
Here sang the lips elated;
Here grief and death were sated;
Here loved and here unmated
Was he, so frail, so strong.

Here wintry winds and cheerless
The dying firelight blew
While he whose song was peerless
Dreamed the drear midnight through,
And from dull embers chilling
Crept shadows darkly filling
The silent place, and thrilling
His fancy as they grew.

Here, with brow bared to heaven,
In starry night he stood,
With the lost star of seven
Feeling sad brotherhood.
Here in the sobbing showers
Of dark autumnal hours
He heard suspected powers
Shriek through the stormy wood.

From visions of Apollo
And Astarte's bliss,
He gazed into the hollow
And hopeless Vale of Dis;
And though earth were surrounded
By heaven, it still was mounded
With graves. His soul had sounded
The dolorous abyss.

Proud, mad, but not defiant,
He touched at heaven and hell.
Fate found a rare soul pliant
And rung her changes well.
Alternately his lyre,
Stranded with strings of fire.
Led earth's most happy choir
Or flashdd with Israfel.

No singer of old story
Luting accustomed lays,
No harper for new glory,
No mendicant for praise,
He struck high cords and splendid,
Wherein were fiercely blended
Tones that unfinished ended
With his unfinished days.

Here through this lowly portal,
Made sacred by his name,
Unheralded immortal
The mortal went and came.
And fate that then denied him,
And envy that decried him,
And malice that belied him,
Have cenotaphed his name."

For perfection in lyric form, this little classic can keep company with *Gray's Elegy*.

W. P. LAWRENCE.

COLLEGE PATRIOTISM.

There is a college patriotism. Every true-hearted man, every noble-hearted woman, who has felt the influence, imbibed the spirit, of a college feels it and understands it, and counts it a priceless possession. What is this patriotism and whence does it originate?

To define college patriotism it will be well to consider other kinds of patriotism. National patriotism, the kind we readily think of when we mention patriotism is the passion a citizen feels for the land that gave him birth and has since given him shelter and security of life. It is love of country and the flag—a passion which impels one to serve one's country, either in defending her from invasion, or protecting her rights, or maintaining her laws and institutions in vigor and purity. This noble sentiment, the eternal and necessary characteristic of a good citizen, is the noblest passion that animates a man in his civic capacity. In times of war and national danger it strews the battlefields with the mutilated corpses of those in whose breast it wells up. In times of peace it begets a lively interest in all that looks to national prosperity and progress; it insures democracy and crowns liberty. That country is safe whose sovereign integrity is guaranteed by patriotic citizens.

There is further a patriotism of the home, and another of the church, and others in other varied spheres of life. We sometimes call these by different names, patriotism in the home for example, is family pride; that in the church is church loyalty—but what's in a name? The sentiment that prompts family pride, church loyalty, veneration for the Alma Mater, and national patriotism is at basis one and the same. The same love directed towards the state, gives national patriotism; towards the church, church loyalty; towards the family, family pride; towards the college, veneration for the Alma Mater, what this article designates as College patriotism. It is therefore clear that college patriotism, similar to the love of a citizen for his country, of a Christian for his church, of a

son for his mother, is the passion of a student in college for the institution and, after he has left, for his Alma Mater. This is a noble passion—prompting men to do their best as students and to succeed most as graduates or as one of those who dropped out—a passion that impels him to advance the interest of the institution that gave him intellectual birth—the noblest passion that stirs the heart and fires the brain of man in his intellectual capacity.

But it is not enough to define these passions, or rather to follow out the ramifications of the same fundamental passion in all the spheres of human activity. We must know their origin to appreciate them fully, the basis upon which they rest—for we can never be said to know a thing until we know its history, its origin, the terminus a quo. Whence then the origin of these various kinds of patriotism? They are one and all grounded on gratitude—a passion than which there is none more beautiful—than the lack of which nothing renders more odious and contemptible. Gratitude is the basis of all patriotism, whether it be national, of the home, of the church, of the college—gratitude for service rendered for which the mind feels there is no adequate compensation on the part of the recipient. Why do you love your native land? Because she has given you birth and guaranteed to you personal security and happiness—things which by your own efforts you could never acquire for yourself. Here is an occasion for gratitude—and gratitude when it has brought forth gives rise to patriotism. Why do you love home, have family pride? It is because you feel gratitude to your parents for the sacrifices they have made for you—sacrifices which you can never repay. Why do you love the church? Because of the gratitude you feel for the “peace that passeth all understanding” in this life and the assurance she vouchsafes you of eternal happiness in the life to come. Why do you love your Alma Mater? Because by her efforts, all unenumerated by you, she has made the world over again for you, broadened the horizon of your vision, deepened the penetration of your insight—constituted you a new creature. Gratitude is at the base of patriotism of whatsoever sort—patriotism is gratitude in the fruitage.

There is a vast difference between the timid, bashful, hesitating freshman and the same man who four years thereafter receives his diploma and with confidence of added powers and the inspiration of a larger vision leaves behind him the sacred walls of Alma Mater and goes forth to do his part of the world's work. He is become a new man, and the college has made him so. The study of history has taught him the philosophy of progress; the Social Sciences have taught him the principles of elevating the race; through the department of English he has been brought face to face with great characters in all circumstances and conditions of life; mathematics has rendered him exact and painstaking; Latin and Greek have introduced him to the life and civilization of peoples other than his own and far different from his own and so broadened his sympathies and developed him culturally philosophy has revealed to him the laws of himself—the mental machine; physical science has enabled him, as Kepler so grandly put it, to think God's thoughts after him in the creation and maintenance of the universe; the scientific study of Holy writ has deepened and strengthened his spiritual life, giving him a sane philosophy of existence and an accurate understanding of divinity and of things divine. With larger visions, with broader horizon, with deeper insight, with clearer foresight, the college graduate is become a new creature—has been transformed—and that too within the four years of his college course. This makes him grateful to the foster mother that travailed in his intellectual birth.

The true college bred man, that man who rings clear, feels grateful to his Alma Mater just as he feels grateful to his mother, and as he loves his mother so will he love his foster mother, his Alma Mater. The man who goes through a college and does not love her is a false man—a man who is wrong at heart—a man the world could well do without—a dishonor to himself and to his Alma Mater. An ingrate is the type of man to be avoided whether he be in the home, in the church, in the college, or in the state. He is not a fit companion—his association defiles—his influence is venomous to the nobler sentiments and higher aspirations of the heart and life. The true man, the noble woman, is grateful—grateful for favors

shown and kindnesses received at the hands of others, be they personal or institutional.

The college man is a patriot towards his Alma Mater, if he is a true man, not only because she has made him a new man and refashioned the universe for his benefit, but because he feels that he has received these things at a discount and that he can never fully pay for them. His tuition for four years was only \$200—less than it costs to take a trip across the ocean and spend a month. And yet for four years he has had expert guides in all parts of the earth and down into the bowels of the earth and among the lucid stars. He has viewed life, civilization and the world under the microscope with a director always at hand to point the explanations his soul was yearning to receive. And during these 4 years of travel and study he has spent only \$200—he feels the smallness of the cost—he realizes the inability to repay fully—he feels grateful—grateful to the guides of these years—his faithful, scholarly teachers; grateful to the institution that secured the services and guaranteed the trustworthiness of these guides—grateful to his Alma Mater.

Daniel Webster breathed the true spirit of college patriotism—felt this gratitude—when he made that famous speech before the U. S. Supreme Court in defence of Dartmouth College, his Alma Mater. Dartmouth College was chartered by the state of New Hampshire with a duly constituted board of trustees or visitors. The legislature decided to make of it a so-called university and without the consent of its corporation proceeded to alter its charter accordingly. The corporation appealed and the case went up to the Supreme Court of the U. S., with Mr. Webster defending the college and another alumnus of the same institution as attorney for the state of New Hampshire. In the midst of the masterful speech which he delivered upon that occasion, Mr. Webster, with much emotion disclaiming any ambition on his part to see Dartmouth become a University, realizing as he did the superior worth of the small college in the proper training of youth, said: "It is true it is a small college, but there are those who love it." Here, overcome with emotion, the great orator wept, nor was there a dry eye in that august court-

room, when, regaining control of himself, he continued, "Sirs, I love Dartmouth College, and when her integrity is at stake, when her ancient charter is to be amended against her will, I am the last man in the world to give assent; I would rather die, sirs, than have her say to me, 'Et tu, mi fili.' "

There are tens of thousands of men and women who feel towards their *Almae Matres* just as Mr. Webster did—and they are the salt of the earth—they are the men and the women who will carry forward the banner of progress. They are the men and the women who are the light of the world. Through men and women animated with such passions our liberties were achieved and through them they are to be preserved. Our colleges need fear no evil while such men and women live. In the hands of such men and women the home, the college, the church, the state—humanity's every interest is safe.

W. A. HARPER.



THE TWO HANDS.

Free translation from the German.—Story by Valkmann.

It was already late in the night. In the dimly lighted room, which turned the heart sick with anxious dread when the loved ones entered it, there lay the old man's daughter ill [sick], dying. The grief-stricken father placed himself at the head of the sick-bed, while the bitter tears glided down his pale cheeks and dropped noiselessly upon the counterpane. Near him sat old Christina, the sick girl's nurse, and sobbed.

After a short silence the sick woman opened her eyes and looked restlessly around as if she were seeking something.

"What do you wish [want], my child, my poor Marie?"

"The watch, father."

From the table at the side of [near] the bed the father took a tiny gold watch, and handed it to the sick girl.

"Open it," she whispered.

He pressed the spring; it contained the picture of a young man. Gazing intently at it a few seconds, the girl whispered softly, almost inaudibly, "Under my pillow."

The old Christina drew back the pillow, tenderly smoothed the golden hair which lay in luxuriant profusion upon the shoulders of the dying girl, and the old man, tremblingly, placed the watch upon the desired spot.

The watch ticked audibly in the hushed room. The sick darling of the old man breathed difficultly and fitfully. Her white breast rose and sank slowly, almost imperceptibly. Then she became more quiet and seemed to sleep and to dream. From out of the watch, beneath the pillow, came the soft, subdued words:

"Dear, best friend," said the small hand to the large one, "why are you leaving me again so soon? You have scarcely come home."

"Sweetheart," answered the large hand, "you know it cannot be otherwise; I must attend to my business, as becomes a husband and a father, (and) as you attend to your

duties at home. I see you, you know, every hour in the day, and chat with you a little while. Very few men do that."

"Oh," sighed the small hand, plaintively, "you always give me the same reply. I would never have thought it when we became betrothed. Our watch hung in the large, crystal-bright shop in Geneva, and the dial plate was turned exactly towards the beautiful blue lake; and you and I stood always near together, exactly at twelve o'clock. We looked out upon the quay where the people strolled in the evenings; we saw the steamers come in, and the tourists disembark, and then we glanced again across the crystal surface of the lake, away to the snow covered mountains and saw their summits glimmering in the sunset's evening glow."

"And after we were married," again said the large hand, "it was just as pleasant; I could always remain at your side. But one day there came a distinguished-looking young man into the shop and said to the jeweler, 'Show me the most beautiful ladies' watches that you have.' The jeweler placed his large horn spectacles upon his nose, came to the window and took our watch from its hook. 'Something very fine, upon my honor, sir,' he said to him in French. 'It is, indeed, beautiful,' answered the young, and after examining it critically for a few minutes, attached to it a medallion which he took from his pocket, and counting out a number of gold pieces to the jeweler, left the shop.

"But, outside, on the quay, had remained, meanwhile, an old man and a beautiful young girl, and when the young man stepped out of the shop they came to meet him. 'You remained quite a while, Conrad, said the young lady, and you wished to purchase only a watch key for the one that you lost yesterday.'

But the handsome young man answered nothing and acted as if he had not heard the remark. He gave her his arm, and they sauntered slowly along the lakeshore. When they had left the old gentleman a few steps in the rear, he drew the watch from his pocket, and said, 'A little souvenir of beautiful Geneva, Marie, where our happy hearts found each other.'"

At this moment the clock upon the city hall struck twelve.

The poor maiden gave a sigh and her head sank slowly upon her breast. Her father shrank back quickly, violently, and then, with an expression of unfathomable anguish, bent distractedly over the head of his daughter to see whether he could see her breathe, or hear her heart beat. But both had ceased: She was dead.

Tenderly, lovingly, he stroked the hair of his dead darling, and gently smoothed back the pillow. The watch slipped down into the bed.

He took it up, gazed long and intently upon the dial-plate and said to the old Christina, who sat, weeping bitterly, in the rocker.

"She died at twelve o'clock and the minute and the hour hands have stopped exactly at twelve o'clock. No one shall wind it up again—at least not until he comes and has read upon its face the hour of her death. Go to bed, Christina; you have not slept for man nights. I will [shall] not need you any more. Good night."

C. C. HOWELL.



ATHLETICS FOR ALL.

We Americans are very deeply interested in athletics. This is one of the distinguishing characteristics of our national life. If you want evidence of this fact attend a football game between two great universities, and see the thousands that gather there to witness the contest; notice the space that will be given it in next morning's papers, and you will see that we do not lack interest in the sport. The success of America in inter-national contests of recent years has flattered our national pride in no small degree. We are, as a race, comfortably sure of our superiority over any other race in the world. We view the statistics of the army and of college teams with pride and admit that there is something in the British saying that the battle of Waterloo was won on cricket fields.

We Americans, however, are not as a whole an athletic nation. Nor is this due to physical weakness, but to the fact that our system is founded on a radically wrong idea. The problem of universal physical development, like that of universal intellectual development, depends upon the schools and colleges of our land. And in every school and college the main object has been to discover a few champions. As the season for each sport approaches those who are not on the list who excel their fellows take their places in the grand stand to encourage the champions with their cheers. That is their part of the athletic feature of college life.

We have come to regard the education and betterment of the masses on a grand scale as a legitimate and necessary field for government expenditure, but the encouragement of athletics among all the people has scarcely yet been attempted. We pride ourselves not on the physical development of a great majority of our people, but upon the degree of perfection to which a few specialists have attained. What are our great contests but places where people gather to be amused by the great achievements of men naturally gifted with physical powers? They tend only to encourage the development

of the strong, and offer no incentive to the development of the weak, who really are in need of development. This is true of athletics in schools and colleges in no less degree than it is of athletics under other management. The object of colleges is not to see how many men they can develop physically by training them to be skillful baseball, football and basketball players, but it is to see how well they can train a team in each of these respective games with which to defeat other colleges in inter-collegiate contests. Not that I would discourage inter-collegiate contests, for they are great incentives to college spirit and athletic enthusiasm, but I would discourage the tendency to spend time and money in the preparation of teams for inter-collegiate contests and to neglect the development of physical weaklings who should be trained with the aim of making them better men and better citizens.

The purpose of a college is to develop the mental, moral and physical powers of the student; and the physical development of all students is as important as the mental. and more so, if the student is weak physically. But it is a fact that colleges spend hundreds of dollars for "coaches" and for equipping gymnasiums for the further development of those already strong, and the pale-faced, weak-bodied men receive little or no attention. It is this spirit that has brought the professional element into athletics. And when professional players enter a game then the spirit of the game is dead. So long as a man goes into a game for mere pleasure, it is play; but when he does it as a means of sustenance, then it becomes work. Men seeing that the object is to see how skillful a team can be secured now play baseball for the money there is in it; and good money they make at it, too, if skillful players. But what have they done for the game? Go and see a league game of baseball and you will find it very interesting to look at, but of no use as a means of the physical development of a great number of people.

Each man is hired to do his part, and he does it with the same spirit with which the carpenter drives the nail. It is his means of making a living. The only interest manifested in the game is by the spectators who have paid to be amused for awhile. And the games that were intended for the physi-

cal training of all men are used for the benefit of a few and the amusement of many.

But we note with pleasure that the colleges of our land are realizing the necessity of athletics for all and are bending their energies in developing the physical powers equally with the intellectual. Especially are we pleased to note the movement at Elon in this line. With Miss Helfinstein managing the physical culture course for the young ladies, and Prof. Pritchette directing the athletics for young men the day is fast approaching when the best opportunities for physical development will be in the reach of us all.

It is to be hoped that through the example of the colleges of our land the American people will be taught that athletic sports are not for the amusement of people, but for their physical development.

STANLEY C. HOWELL.



THE DEBT of POWER.

The world has a claim on us. What we give it, we *owe* it. The Apostle Paul gave full expression to this thought when he said:—"I am debtor both to Greeks and to barbarians; both to the wise and to the foolish." How fully and literally he justified that statement his familiar history testifies. His knowledge was placed at the service of all men, without regard to nationality, social position, or culture. He addressed himself to the Stoics and Epicureans at Athens, and to the Asiatic seller of purple and the brutal Roman jailer at Philippi. He had a ministry of healing for the household of the dignitary at Malta, and for the crazy slave by the Gaugites. He had a word of wholesome wisdom for Agrippa, and a word to put heart into the desperate sailors on the corn-ship. He did not shirk contact with the superstitions nor the speculations of Phrygia. He reasoned before Festus and harangued the howling mob at Jerusalem. He served the slave Onesimus and his master Philemon. I wish to impress the truth that *knowledge, or power, is debt, under all its phases, intellectual, social, personal, religious*. Power is under obligation. Power is a debtor. Power *owes*; and the greater the power, the heavier the debt.

The proposition involves a principle which finds its proper place at a critical point in life where preparation in the school room will soon merge into practice. The direction, the efficiency, the success of life will turn on the acceptance or the rejection of this principle. In other words, life will be one thing to him who enters it saying, "I owe myself to the world," and quite another and a different thing to him who enters it saying, "The world owes everything to me." It is not denied that power in the individual, the endowment of genius, the wealth of knowledge, the gift of leadership must move and direct the masses of mankind. It has always been so and will always be, but the point at issue is not the fact of individual mastery, but the conception and use of it. The fact that the popular intellectual, moral and social level is

raised or depressed by the individual sage, saint, philanthropist or king is the very fact that makes these debtors. This is the principle by which Paul's whole life was guided. It was not an original principle with him. He took it from Christ, who not only uttered, but incarnated it. It was He who was "in the form of God" before eternal ages, who was made in the likeness of men, and came to them saying, "I am among you as he that serveth."

Culture, knowledge, taste, practical skill—any form of power is impaired and perverted to the degree in which it misses the element of ministry, holds itself absolved from debt to mankind, and regards mankind as its debtor. This is the truth which all young men and women will do well to face as they face the world and step out from the quiet halls of study to take their places and perform their parts in the world. Culture is obligation. Knowledge is debt. The world is creditor, not you. A talent belongs in the market-place, not in a napkin: That man in Christ's parable who buried his pound would not see that principle meant interest also. He found it out to his cost when the day of reckoning came. In the popular conception mastery is the opposite of service, and excludes service. This conception makes Culture as aristocratic as titled nobility. Power becomes a temptation to arrogance and selfishness. In the Christian conception mastery, power, means service. The ideal king is the one who serves his people best. The ideal person is the one who does most to enlighten, purify, and uplift others. Our Lord threw this truth into living and eternal embodiment, as He girded Himself with a towel and washed the feet of His disciples, saying, "The Son of man came not to be ministered unto but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many."

You have your share of right in mankind, but for the same reason mankind has its share of right in you and yours, and its right is an inherent right, a natural right, like the right of the earth to the sunshine or the river to the rivulets—the right of organic connection. You are debtor to your environment. It is entitled to draw on you at sight and its checks are endorsed by the Almighty. According to the current phrase. to "pay the debt of nature" is to die. That is the on-

ly way in which some men ever pay it. Nothing in their life becomes them like the leaving of it.

There is a popular type of religionism which concentrates its attention principally upon the life which is to come, and consoles itself for its stuntedness with the vain prospect of celestial perfection. The sooner such people get into the life which is to come, the better. Perhaps they will find consolation there. At any rate, society will gladly give them a receipt in full for their debt for the sake of getting rid of them. To pay the debt of nature, as God intends it, is *to live and serve*.

The thing which the world is suffering most from today, the troublesome quantity in the social equation, is simply the fact of the refusal of one section of society to recognize its debt to the other; the attempt to compound the debt by the payment of a certain percentage; the protest by the upper side against the claim of the under side. Dives is willing to throw scraps to Lazarus, willing to send occasionally a full meal, but Lazarus is to understand that this is a pure gratuity; that he has no right in the case, and that it is only through Dives' generous condescension that he is tolerated at the gate at all. To this idea there are many exceptions, but I am speaking of general tendencies, social drifts; and I affirm that a large section of even so-called Christian society has not yet gotten hold of the idea of gift and duty and sacrifice as a debt instead of a generous concession. Ignorance, degradation, stupidity do not justify the protest of wealth and culture, against their claim. They constitute the claim and emphasize it. "I am debtor both to the Greeks, and to Barbarians; both to the wise and to the foolish." Their claim may be exaggerated and unreasonable; it often is; but when these elements are sifted out there is still a claim.

The obligation of power to weakness, of culture to ignorance, of skill to helplessness, is, as I have tried to show, a natural debt, an obligation inherent in the organic connection of things; but the obligation is emphasized a hundredfold by Christian principle. Very few people, I take it, have grasped the whole meaning of Christ's gift of Himself to the world. Certainly there are not many who have taken His ideal in its

full dimensions as their own standard of obligation. The current Christian conception of the individual's debt to the world includes a large measure of personal reserve. It is an accepted Christian principle that a man owes something to his race; but along with this goes the principle that a man owes something (usually the larger share) to himself. The peculiarity of Christ was that He ignored the latter element entirely, and gave His whole self, His best, His life to the world, and thus backed with His own practical, Divine sanction His injunction to all His followers—that which constitutes the very essence and key-note of Christianity—to deny self, to say that self is not, and thus to follow Him.

Power, like everything else, depreciates by hoarding. Nothing in God's universe can violate its own law and not suffer from its own violation. Issue, use, application are the laws of power. If a reservoir does not give out its water, the water stagnates and breeds pestilence and fouls the reservoir. A man may hold money, but he holds with it a shrunken soul. I give, then, this truth with which to face the world's work and warfare. You are not your own. You owe yourselves to the world. Whatever birth, fortune, education may have given you, society has a right to draw on it. You may refuse the tribute; and society may let you alone and pass you over. So much the worse for you. You will lose more than society will; and though society may let you alone, your own swollen and deformed self will not let you alone, but will turn upon you like a demon and rend you.

God bless our college! The best wish which her best wisher can cherish for her is that her existence and her work may be justified in the efficiency and fruitful ministry of her sons and daughters. That she may not be a mere splendid aggregation of buildings, libraries, laboratories, and sages, but a perennial fountain of Christian culture and social influence and blessing; a perpetual manhood-making force which shall be felt in every heart-beat of the generations to come.

W. S. LONG.

JOAN OF ARC.

At the beginning of the second quarter of the fifteenth century, when France was at the mercy of avaricious England, there issued from a remote cattle-pasturing section of France one of the most unique figures of all ages. We estimate the character of a renowned man by the standards of his own time. But the character of Joan of Arc can be measured by the standard of any age and still remain comparatively flawless. Yet she grew up in one of the most brutal, wicked, and corrupt ages of history. In her life we find all the virtues standing out in bold contrast to a surrounding in which vice, wickedness, and grossest immorality held universal sway. The story of her life and her character are both beyond the inventive reach of fiction. If there is any latent heroism in us the story of Joan will make our hearts beat strangely.

Joan, the daughter of simple peasants, was born in 1412, and received the training of the common peasant girl. She did not learn to read and write, but learned to help her mother, and to sew and spin. She was deeply religious and went often to church. The country around was full of legends and popular dreams, and amid these surroundings she grew up, beautiful in person and in character.

At the age of sixteen she began to feel deeply the misery of France. After nearly a hundred years of war the French nation was nearly broken in resources, and especially broken in spirit. Only a few provinces and towns remained to the French. The English had laid siege to Orleans. Joan received command from God, through voices in visions, to go and raise the siege and crown the Dauphin king.

Reluctantly did she steal away from unwilling parents and the scenes of her childhood, and answer the divine call. After much difficulty she reached the king and impressed him with the importance of her mission.

She was put at the head of the whole French army. The army was ill organized and without strength. The spirits of the soldiers were broken through a hundred years of constant

defeat. They had plunged into the wildest dissipation. Joan transformed this huddled mob of weaklings into wolves of war. With three desperate assaults she raised the Siege of Orleans. The victors of a hundred years now turned their backs to the standard of an unlettered lass of seventeen. She gained victory upon victory, and, in an incredibly short time, forever broke the power of England in France. She now marched the Dauphin to Rheims and had him crowned king of France.

When asked what she would have for her reward she demanded of the king that her home village, Donuing, should go untaxed; and that she now be permitted to return to her brothers and sisters. The first request was granted, but the king would not let her leave the army. So she continued her war to the utter undoing of the English on every hand. But soon she fell into the hands of her enemies, and was fated to spend the remainder of her life in dungeons, and at the mercy of a relentless inquisition. Thus ended the briefest and most remarkable military career of history. It lasted only thirteen months, but in this brief time she changed the destiny of two great nations. France would have been an English province, but for her. Since that time millions of French people have lived and rejoiced in grateful admiration of the noble work of this sainted girl; and it should be so.

The record of her trial by the French inquisition is the most heart rending story on the pages of history. Poe's vivid imagination of things horrible, could not create a more shocking story. She was chained, hands and feet, to a pillar in the prison. Rough English guards stayed by her all of the time, and were free to impose their terrible insults. This innocent peasant maid, unlettered, and untaught in the tricks of intellect, was brought from the prison, and without any witness or legal help, compelled to stand trial before sixty of the most learned men of France, who were turning heaven and earth for her life. But through all the trial she kept her faith in God, and always baffled every attempt of the shrewd persecutors. She was finally condemned, and on the 30th of May 1431 was burned at the stake. Her last gaze upon this world was upon a rude cross which was given to her by a soldier

standing near the fire. An English soldier leaving the awful scene said, "We are lost, we have burned a saint," and it was true.

There have been various opinions regarding this marvelous maid. All agree that she exercised supernatural powers. The French and the rest of Europeans thought she was a saint. The English thought or claimed that her powers were of the devil. But this is easy to account for. She had defeated those whom the English considered invincible, and had dealt a stinging blow to their self respect. In king Henry VI., first part, Shakespeare represents her as holding communion with fiends from hell. He also does violence to her noble character by representing her as denying her father when he had come to see her while she was on trial, and by representing her as having yielded to base passions. But no one believes she was a sorceress; and his last two accusations are contradicted by plain facts. We have it in the sworn records of the trial that she asked that she might return to her father; while well authenticated biographies represent her as striving to the last to retain her virgin purity.

The historian Green, writing at a later date, recognizes that she was a saint. This is the opinion of English writers of to-day. But it is the tendency of Englishmen now to lay most of the blame for her death upon the church of France. But records of that time show that the English caused her to be burned.

Guizot and Michelet devote considerable space in their histories to showing the miraculous work of this gentle, good and sainted girl.

But the best account of the Maid of Orleans is by Mark Twain in his *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc*. In his inimitable style he makes a reverent and sympathetic study of her life. It seems remarkable that a man like Mark Twain, who is mainly witty and humorous, should be drawn so closely to a character which was wholly devoid of material for humor. If any one is seeking a thrilling story of real life let him read Mark Twain's work.

Dumas has called her "the Christ of France." This may have been bluntly put, but those who know her, and what she

did for France, feel that it is at least figuratively true. Taking the human side of Christ she stands nearer Him than any other mortal that has ever lived. Her life was a sacrifice and her death a martyrdom. Miraculous elements are also found in her life. Those who have any trouble in believing the supernatural in the gospels should read the story of Joan. She held communion with the spirits of great men and women, and of angels. She had the gift of prophecy, and worked miracles. You will have to believe in her prophecies and the miracles she wrought; and to take as true her statements that she received these powers from God through angels, is the only way to account for what she did. Thus we have in Joan the most conclusive proof of the existence of an Invisible Intelligence which is greater than any power in the human race, and which directs the movement of the race.

No story, either in the realms of history or fiction, can vie with the tragic horror and transcendent beauty of the Maid of Orleans. She incarnates all that is loveliest in woman with all that is most admirable in man. As long as the human heart endures, the narrative of her captivity and her burning will rouse feelings that lie too deep for tears, and should compel the English people and the Roman church to admit having committed the greatest crime in history since that which stands against the Jewish Sanhedrin and the Roman proconsul, for the crucifixion.

T. H. FRANKS.



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Editorials.

It is with a sense of the responsibilities and an appreciation of the duties before them that the members of THE ELONIAN staff take upon themselves the editing of this, the initial number of a magazine which we hope is to develop into one of the most potent factors of our college life. We realize the honor that our respective societies have conferred upon us, and it shall be our aim to so direct the editorial affairs of the magazine as to prove ourselves worthy of the trust that has been committed to us.

While the publication of an Elon College monthly is not an entirely new feature of our college work, it *is* new, in that those who are now members of the student body know nothing of the plans and purposes of THE ELONIAN's predecessor. For this reason, THE ELONIAN editors take the liberty of saying that they will be governed by no precedents—not because these precedents are unworthy of adoption, but because we know nothing of them, and prefer to enter the field feeling that we shall be free to draw upon any and all sources available for our help and inspiration.

We know that the best wishes of the student body are ours already in this work; and, from the generous action of the Alumni in sharing with us the responsibility of our present undertaking, and from a knowledge of the devotion which they have always shown for their Alma Mater, we are safe in presuming upon their hearty co-operation—and this shall be one of our most valuable assets.

To the new students who have this year joined our ranks, we offer a cordial welcome, predicting for them a pleasant and profitable year amidst the surroundings which have meant

so much to us and to all those who have come under the influence of this institution, and have become imbued with the "Elon spirit." And we wish them to feel that THE ELONIAN exists for them, too, and that it will come to be, in a large measure, what they aid us in making it. Our inability and inexperience are enough to enlist the active support of each and every student in this new undertaking; and we shall hope for the kindly aid and generous forbearance of all those who should be interested in THE ELONIAN, and in the institution, which we hope, in some measure, to make it represent.

C. C. H.

ATHLETICS IN COLLEGE LIFE.

In the development of true manhood there are three kinds of training which are necessary, viz. Mental, Moral and Physical. Of these, each is dependant upon the others, and each is needed for the development of the others. Physical training is the foundation and support of the other two. Emerson says, "The first requisite of a gentleman is that he be a good animal." Physical training is of vast importance in college life. The colleges throughout our country realize this fact and good, healthy athletics is more popular among our schools now than ever before.

Much has been done toward the advancement of the athletic spirit at Elon College. The Athletic Association has been re-organized on a new and more solid basis. An athletic park is being fitted up for our baseball teams; a basket-ball ground has been made, and also new tennis courts.

Scrub games of baseball, basket-ball and tennis are now being played, and there is a fine prospect for good teams this year, in each of these departments.

The young ladies are entering heartily into the sports, playing basket-ball and tennis among the outdoor sports. Besides these field games, each young lady has systematic training in the gymnasim under the direction of Miss Helfinstein, their physical director.

With the hearty co-operation of the student body and the support of our friends, we can make this our best year in athletics.

J. T. K.

Never before in the history of our college have we so much felt the need of a college magazine. Just why we have gone on so long without it, no one seems to know.

All, here and elsewhere, who are interested in Elon College, see the dawning of a new and better day in the history of the institution—and this new Magazine will be welcome, especially by the Alumni and old students scattered over the many states that have been represented here. Although each one is busy doing his own part of the world's work, he often looks back to his Alma Mater wondering at her progress and rejoicing at her prospects for the coming years. As a message from the old home, we trust The Elonian may be to every Alumnus and former student; and may it, help to keep the hearts of those who have received their degrees and those who have gone from us, courses unfinished, true to the interests that are centered here. In fact, such an abiding interest is absolutely necessary if The Elonian is to escape the fate that befell its unfortunate predecessor "of the years gone by." We trust that the reception of this issue may be regarded as a personal appeal for subscriptions, for items of interest in regard to Alumni and old students, and for the practical sympathy of all in this new work which we are now undertaking. It is a work that nearly concerns us as a student body, as an institution, and as a band of patriotic sons and daughters. May we strive together for the permanent establishment of a literary magazine which is to become a worthy exponent of the high ideals to which Elon College stands already committed.

A. S.

	<h2>Locals.</h2>	
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"Sic itur ad astra."

The air is full of athletics. Tennis, baseball and basketball are played every day, and an extraordinary interest is manifested in them all.

Mr. Hugh Clymer, of Greensboro, visited his sister, Miss Bronna, here last week.

Winter will soon be here. The wind blows cold from the north, and we crawl into our heavy coats. Straw hats, of which we see a few, bring back memories of the hot weather, but they will soon disappear, and then we will have nothing to remind us of the "good old summer time."

Several of the students attended the State Fair at Raleigh, and the Central Carolina Fair at Greensboro last month.

Most of the excitement is over. All the young men have joined one of the two societies. If they regret their choice they have kept it to themselves. We would naturally suppose they are resting after the season of indecision and perplexity that might naturally arise from trying to decide which is the best of the two societies, each of which is "the best."

Lost, Strayed, or Stolen.—All the water from the college well.

A few nights ago, one of the new girls in West Dormitory heard a noise in a corner of her room that sounded dangerously like a mouse. She hastily mounted the table where the Matron found her twenty minutes later. After finding out the cause of the girl's fright the Matron calmly told her it was merely the heat coming on in the radiator.

Miss Minnie Winston, of Creedmore, has been visiting her

sister, Mrs. Peace, at West Dormitory. She brought little Miss Gladys Peace who will spend the winter here with her mother, and attend the graded school.

A PARODY.

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling.)

"What is the whistle blowing for?" a scared new student cries,

"The boys have tied the cord down tight," a cool old girl replies.

"I tell you what! I sure was scared," the poor girl said, that night.

"Don't worry," said the old one, "you'll get used to that all right."

"For they've started up a bonfire. You can hear it crack and roar.

But if the Dr. catches them, they'll do this thing no more.

O, isn't it a shame to get demerits by the score?

For they're making up a bonfire in the morning."

The following students have attended the Jameston Exposition since the opening of school: Miss Elise Atkinson, Mr. C. B. Pritchette, Miss Narvie Hobby, Mr. J. U. Newman, Jr., and the Messrs. Garrison.

There are eight states represented in the student body this year: North Carolina, South Carolina, Virginia, Florida, Georgia, Pennsylvania, Alabama, Maryland; and in addition to these we have several from Cuba and one from Spain.

A large number of students attended the Burlington Fair the first week in October.

Listen! A peculiar noise floats from the Administration Building. Can any one volunteer information as to the *cause*? (The *effect* is evident.) Some members of the Band are practicing, they say. Yes, the young men have organized a band of twenty pieces. (They tell us the music will be here

later. This may be some consolation to some of us who were beginning to fear that the manufacturers forgot to tune the instruments before shipping.)

The second year elocution class gave a matinee to the new college students and new members of the faculty, in the Auditorium Oct. 10, at 3 P. M. The following took part: Miss Maude Pritchard, Mr. T. H. Franks, Miss Nannie B. Farmer, Miss Elsie Atkinson, Miss Annie Spencer, and Mr. R. P. Grumpler. The program was enjoyed by all present.

Miss Josie Pritchard, who has been teaching Art in Liberty Normal College, has had typhoid fever. She is much improved now, and we wish for her a speedy recovery.

Rev. G. O. Lankford, who graduated last June, has spent a week in our midst. He conducted chapel services two mornings and preached for us the second Sunday. He is a young man who is regarded very highly by both student body and faculty, and our best wishes go with him as he takes up his new work in Alabama.

One of the new boys the first night was very much worried because he could not blow out his electric light.

Soon after the opening, the young ladies' society hall and the main corridors on the first floor of the Administration Building were the scene of a reception tendered the new students by the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations. While its main purpose was to extend a welcome to those who have only this year entered Elon, the old students, too, were present and participated in the pleasure and interest of the evening.

College Organizations.

ATHLETICS.

This year marks a new era in the athletic field of our college life. Ninty-five per cent of the male students are members of the Athletic Association. Baseball already bids fair to be the crowning feature of the coming season. Tennis and basket-ball clubs have been organized, and in these less strenuous games a healthy contest is waged.

The young ladies, under the supervision of Miss Helfenstein, who is the director in the physical culture department, are trained in calisthenics, and in the various in-door games and exercises.

THE LITERARY SOCIETIES.

In the history of any institution the literary society stands pre-eminent among the auxiliary factors which are conducive to the larger development of young men and young women. The curriculum, or the elective course, it is true, is the first essential; but it is in the literary society that the young men and young women most freely put to the test the things they are imbibing day by day. It's the open arena where battles of the future are fought to a finish in a manner so realistic as to nerve the contestants for the real experience of after life. The literary societies of Elon College have been successful in this field, as may be judged from the representatives they have sent out into the different vocations and professions. The year has opened with bright prospects for all the societies, and we look to the future hopefully for even better results than have heretofore been attained.

THE RELIGIOUS ORGANIZATIONS.

Parallel with our athletic and literary enthusiasm is the interest manifest in our religious organizations. What field sports are to physical development, the different religious organizations are to the spiritual growth in an institution. A sound, healthy body is necessary to an active, cultured mind, yet the harmonious combination of the physical and the men-

tal does not insure the highest type of character. With these two there must be the right spiritual development. It is to the harmonious blending of these—the physical, the mental, and the spiritual—that Elon College is committed; and it is the highest type of such a blending that she wishes to see exemplified in the lives of her students.

Y. M. C. A.

The Young Men's Christian Association begins the year with brighter anticipations than ever before. Renewed interest is taken in the work by the old students and a hearty co-operation is met with in the new men. No organization in college is more beneficial, more helpful, than this, nor does any afford a better opportunity for developing Christian character among our men. Those who meet in the Y. M. C. A. Hall on Sunday afternoons, in heart to heart talks, cultivate a kindred spirit, a spirit of brotherly love that works its way out into the entire student body. The Y. M. C. A. work is a great work, and every student who willfully neglects this part of college life misses many of the best things that should enter into every college education.

Y. W. C. A.

The Young Women's Christian Association also begins the year's work with a large membership and a very promising outlook. This organization has done a good work here, in the past, in the development of an ideal, Christian womanhood. An organization of women and for women, it appeals to all who are interested in the spiritual welfare of the young women of the college.

C. E.

The Christian Endeavor Society is well organized, and the large enrollment gives promise of a successful year's work. Much interest is manifested in the Sunday night meetings, both by the young women and the young men of the college.

Among Those of Other Days.

"Forsan et haec olim meminisse iuvabit."

To those whose days of apprenticeship at Elon College have drawn to a close, the present students have a message of remembrance and kindly reminiscence. For those that have left the "hill" before their allotted four years passed, we also have a kindly and fraternal feeling, and it is to these, too, that we set aside this portion of THE ELONIAN.

Though the prospect of the joy of return to what will soon be *our* Alma Mater is enhanced, as our time for departure draws, near it is with a feeling of regret that we think of the changes that yearly take place in the student body. But it is good that this should be so. An institution gains its prestige and maintains its position through the success of its alumni and old students, and no more pleasant task can be given those who have left us than to ask them to consider anew the phenomenal advancement of the cherished institution whose worth to them steadily increases as the years roll by.

The success of Elon's old students and alumni has been largely the result of the materializing of the ideals which they imbibed here; and, of their success and record, Elon is justly proud.

Rev. C. C. Peel, "'91," the oldest living graduate of this institution, married Miss Anderson of Alamance County, and is now a successful minister residing at Elon College and is doing work in the N. C. and Va. Conference. For four years he has been pastor of the Union Ridge Christian Church. At present he is pastor of Hebron, Hine's Chapel, and Virgilina Christian Churches. For two sessions he served as President of the N. C. and Va. Christian Conference, and is at present a member of its Home Mission Committee. Rev. Peel rendered the conference very valuable service as secretary of the Executive Committee, upon which he also served several years. This year he delivers the annual address before his conference.

Rev. Herbert Scholz, "'91," is an influential minister and teacher at Macon, N. C. When President E. L. Moffit, then professor of English in Elon College, was pursuing post-graduate work at Harvard, Rev. Scholz took his place for one year. Profiting by his success in this line of work, he taught, for several years, at Damascus and Chapel Hill, N. C., later taking special work at the University of North Carolina. While pastor of the Berkley Christian Church, which position he held with credit to himself and the institution of which he is an Alumnus, Rev. Scholz brought his charge practically out of debt, later organizing the South Norfolk Christian Church. In 1899 he delivered the Alumni address, and is, at present, one of the Alumni editors of THE ELONIAN.

Rev. N. G. Newman, "'91," was for four years pastor of Holy Neck and Franklin Christian Churches, and for the same length of time had in his charge the East End Newport News Christian Church. At present he is pastor of Holy Neck and Holland churches. For four years he has been, and is now, president of the Eastern Virginian Christian Conference. During eleven years he was president of the S. S. Convention in this conference, and during his tenure of office it became the most effective body of its kind in the Christian Church, South. Rev. Newman is a preacher of exceptional ability. He was the first Elon graduate to deliver the Alumni address, which he did in 1895. Rev. Newman married Miss Kate Glendenin of Graham, niece of Dr. W. S. Long.

C. L. Graber, who was one of the most popular students that ever came to Elon College, dropped out before graduation, accepting a position as the Mississippi agent of J. Van Lindley Nursery Co., of Greensboro. After several years at this work, in which he was most successful, he returned to North Carolina and took unto himself a wife. At present he occupies an elegant home in Jackson, Miss., where he is a prominent banker and extensive land owner.

C. D. West attended school here for two years, later pursuing special work at the Virginia Polytechnic Institute, and at

Poughkeepsie. At present he is a prominent broker and real estate dealer in Newport News, at which place, too, he is a leading member of the Christian Church. Mr. West has always been a liberal friend of the college, having last year equipped a room in West Dormitory. He is a member of the Board of Trustees of the Christian Orphanage.

W. J. Graham, who is today a successful farmer of Alamance county, left college at the end of his third year, and took a course at Poughkeepsie. Later he was engaged in the tobacco business at Danville. Va. In 1904, Mr. Graham was chosen to represent his county in the legislature, and while there served upon three committees. For several years he has been a member of the County Board of Education.

Mrs. J. M. Cook (nee Miss Irene Johnson) was the only graduate of '92. For seven years she was teacher of French and assistant in Mathematics at Elon. After graduation at Elon she took special work at the University of Chicago. At present she is engaged in teaching at Cardenas, N. C., near her old home.

OBITUARY.

It was with deep regret that we learned of the death of Chas. F. McCauley, at Asheville, N. C., Oct. 31st, 1907. Mr. McCauley was born near Chapel Hill, N. C., some twenty-seven years ago. He graduated at Elon College in 1902, and immediately afterwards taught school at Damascus, his boyhood home. Later he had charge of the public school at Spring Hope, N. C., at which place he was teaching when, nine months ago, he was forced to give up his work and go to Asheville, in search of better health. He was married on the 26th of December, 1906, to Miss Carrie Matthews, a prominently connected and highly accomplished young lady of Spring Hope.

He was deservedly popular during his college life, always a student, thinker, and a Christian gentleman. And the success with which his efforts met in after life gave promise of great accomplishments; but dread consumption claimed him at the rosiest period of life. His death is all the more sad in that he leaves a young wife, who was unable to attend his funeral, and a babe only two weeks old. His bereaved family have our deepest and most sincere sympathy.

C.

Exchanges.

Et monere et moneri proprium est verae amicitiae et alterum libere facere, non asperere, alterum, patienter accipere non repugnanter.

If our exchange department for this issue seems deficient in quantity of material or different in quality from what our readers might expect, we trust they will pardon us, since we lack a very essential element—a supply of magazines from other colleges. We have written to quite a number and have received acknowledgments from several signifying their willingness to exchange. We hope that all our brother, or sister, editors who may receive a copy of “The Elonian”, will promptly favor us with an exchange copy.

In this way we trust we may become as closely united with our sister colleges in feeling as we are in purpose; and that through their acquaintance and assistance we may grow stronger as we grow older.

May the coming year mark the most prosperous era in the history of all our college magazines.

J. WILLIS BARNEY,
Exchange Editor.

Clippings.

Many children are so crammed with everything that they really know nothing.

In proof of this read these veritable specimens of definitions, written by public school children:

"Stability is taking care of a stable."

"A mosquito is the child of black and white parents."

"Tocsin is something to do with getting drunk."

"Expostulation is to have the smallpox."

"Cannibal is two brothers who killed each other in the Bible."

"Anatomy is the human body, which consists of three parts, the head, the chist, and the stummick. The head contains the eyes and brains, if any. The chist contains the lungs and a piece of the liver. The stomach is devoted to the bowels, of which there are five, a, e, i, o, u, and sometimes w and y."—Selected.

"What little boy can tell me the difference between the 'quick' and the 'dead'?" asked the Sunday-school teacher.

Willie waved his hand frantically.

"Well, Willie?"

"Please, ma'am, the 'quick' are the ones that get out of the way of automobiles: the ones that don't are the 'dead'."—Selected.

"Please, mum," began the aged hero in appealing tones as he stood at the kitchen door on washday, "I've lost my leg——"

"Well, I ain't got it," snapped the woman, slamming the door.—Selected.

IMPROBABLE.

Miss Smith: I understand your son is pursuing his studies at college.

Mr. Wiggins: Yes, but from what I can ascertain, I don't believe he will ever catch up with them.—Selected.

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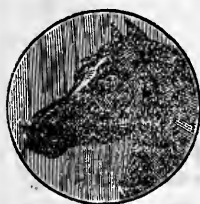
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REPORT

ON THE

PROGRESS OF THE

WORK DURING THE

PAST YEAR

AND

THE PROSPECTS FOR THE

FUTURE

OF THE

INDUSTRY

IN

THE

UNITED STATES

AND

THE

FOREIGN COUNTRIES

THE ELONIAN.

Vol. I.

Elon College, N. C., January, 1907.

No. 3.

Thanksgiving Sermon Preached at Elon College November 28th 1907.

"He hath not dealt so with any nation—Praise ye the Lord."
Psalm 147-20.

BY REV. W. S. LONG, D. D.

These words follow an enumeration of national blessings. They sum up the reflections of the Psalmist.

Jerusalem has peace within her borders. The bars of her gates strong. Bountiful harvests. Judgments and revelations from God had been gracious.

By proclamation, the President of this great republic, and the chief executive of this state have called us together that we may express our gratitude to our loving Father in heaven for state and national blessings.

I. Look at the blessing coming from the form and general administration of our government.

1. The franchise of citizenship.

Ours is emphatically what President Lincoln denominated it, a government of the people, for the people, by the people. A more just conception of manhood, and the rights of man is nowhere found.

2. The freedom of the ballot.

Every citizen shares in the selection of all public officials from the lowest to the highest. Great Brittain has her House of Lords—500 legislators by birthright—not chosen from the people by the people on account of fitness.

3. The equality of men before the law.

No person deprived of liberty or property without due process of law. When accused of crime, is entitled to coun-

sel, and to confront the accuser in open court, and to be tried by a jury of his countrymen.

II. Consider the opportunities resulting from the distinctive features of our national life.

1. The pathway to office and to honor open alike to all.

Here the most humble boy may aspire to the most honorable and exalted station. Many, many times has this occurred as in case of Lincoln, Johnson, Grant, Garfield, etc. etc.

2. The chance for education.

The population of the United States is about 90,000,000. We have 150,000 public schools. More than 200,000 school teachers, supported by \$150,000,000 a year. Over 10,000 newspapers and periodicals with circulation of over 30,000,000.

III. Consider our physical and material blessings.

1. The physical configuration of our republic, and its comparative isolation, by gulfs and seas on its borders are favorable to peace. Compare with other nations.

There is no natural barrier extending through these states from east to west. The great rivers and mountains run in contrary direction—from north to south. When the terrible Civil War broke out, a school-boy as I was, I saw this, and said: "How can a barrier be erected between these states from east to west?"

It was not done. It cannot be. God makes states and nations. *This country is one and inseperable. Let it be so now and forever.*

Permit a digression. Nearly 20 years ago, while seeking funds to build Elon College, I went to New England. One day I went into a hall in which a large number of educators were assembled. I was recognized, and invited to speak. The bitterness engendered by the civil war was more acute then than now. As I stepped upon the platform I saw the flag of our country hanging with graceful folds. I asked, "What interest do you think a southern man can feel in that flag?" I proceeded. Near my home in the south, and from the tower of Elon College over which I preside, and in whose behalf I am here, the battlefield of Alamance is visible. There in resistance to Brittish oppression the first blood of the Revolution

was shed. But what has the south contributed towards the establishment and expansion of this great republic?

Washington, the great, wise, and immortal leader.

Jefferson who wrote the Declaration of Independence.

Madison and Jefferson mainly instrumental in framing our constitution. John Marshall the great expounder of the constitution.

North Carolina and Virginia ceded to the Union their western possessions. The two great states of Tennessee and Kentucky were thus obtained.

In 1803 under the administration of Jefferson the Louisiana purchase was made. Under Monroe 1826, the Floridas were purchased. Under Polk 1845, Texas and all territory north of the Rio Grande and west of the Louisiana purchase to the Pacific ocean was added. So that, excepting the thirteen original states und Maine, every star emblazoned on that glorious flag was put there mainly by southern statesmanship and southern valor. Some years ago that flag was lifted, as we thought, against us and we shot at it. I do not stop to discuss the right or the wrong of that shooting. Another, of another generation will best do that. We, of the south had taken such a leading part in making that flag that we felt like we could do with it as we pleased, but let me say, we took a privilege in that shooting that we allow to *no one else in this country or in the wide world.*

2. *Our possessions. What are we worth?*

The United States is not only the wealthiest country on the globe, but its lead over the other countries is increasing daily. As estimated by the census bureau, in a report just sent out, the wealth of the United States was in 1904, in round figures, \$107,000,000,000. This was an increase of \$18,600,000,000, over 1900. During the four years ending with 1904 the country's wealth expanded by a larger figure than its entire wealth amounted to (\$16,000,000,000.) in the year in which Lincoln was elected, 1860. Yet the United States filled a pretty big place in May 1860. In that year, moreover, the slaves 4,000,000 in number, were counted as property and entered this \$16,000,000,000, valuation.

The best British estimates place the wealth of the United Kingdom at about \$50,000,000,000. It ranks next to the

United States, in this respect, but is far below it. Germany and France are each a few billions below Great Brittain.

On the basis of increase from 1900 to 1904 our wealth is now. 1907, \$119,000,000,000. Our wealth increases faster than our population. From 1800 to 1907— (107 years) our population increased 16 times, our wealth 119 times. This indicates marvelous growth, and yet our country is but partly developed. North Carolina has 12,000,000 acres of unimproved land, Virginia 10,000,000, Tennessee 13,000,000. So on for other states and territories. England has 389 people to the square mile. We have less than 25, had we what England has we would have 15,600,000,000 inhabitants.

3. Think how we have been favored in our ancestry.

Selfishness generally underlies emigration. The Hebrews went into Egypt for corn. The Spaniard came to America for gold, but the Cavalier and the Puritan came to America in 1607 and 1620 to establish a home. Driven by relentless, religious persecution from England, from France, many of them found a temporary home in Holland. Thence to these shores they came, bringing with them many ideas of civil government. So that to-day we are indebted to Holland more than to any other government in the world for the distinctive features of our government. Take, for instance, the four vital institutions upon which our republic rests, and which have given it greatest prominence. I mean our public school system of free education; our freedom of religious worship; our freedom of the press; our freedom of the ballot. Not one of these came from England since none of them existed there until nearly a hundred years after they were planted in this country. Again, take the two documents upon which the whole fabric of our republic rests—the Declaration of Independence and the Federal Constitution of the United States. One is based almost entirely upon the Declaration of Independence of the United Republic of the Netherlands; while all through the Constitution its salient points are based upon, and some copied from, the Dutch Constitution. So strong is this influence upon our form of government that the Senate of the United States, as a body, derives most of the peculiarities of its organizations from the Netherland's States Gener-

al, a similar body. and its predecessor by nearly a hundred years, while even in our flag we find the colors and the five pointed stars of Holland. Group these facts and add others that history gives as coming to us from Holland and we conclude that we should call Holland our mother country rather than England:

Now it becomes us, in view of these facts, to consider for a moment how we may express our thanks to God. I hold that it is by a full realization and appreciation of these blessings, and by a determination to transmit them unsullied to posterity. Our greatness is to be attributed to our Divine Christianity. A Christianity received as a fact by our fathers, practical, sublime. Only as it is incorporated in our hearts and sanctifies our desires and fortunes will it abide as a saving power—the saving power of the Republic.

God's Country is an unbroken eternity. All years, however hard in the experiences they bring, are years of blessedness; it should be ours to receive what God sends and to be constantly thankful.

We should thank Him who has made us and preserved us as a nation. Who revealed this continent when the proper time had come, and called to its shores faithful and Godly men who believed in God and in men as his children. Who preserved the national seeds planted in our colonies and united them for liberty and independence. Who made our young nation wise in counsel and strong in defense. Who pacified the strifes and eradicated the jealousies that separated our states and joined them anew in one indissoluble Union. Who has given us the wisdom to establish free schools and free churches, and has given us brave-hearted and clear-headed men to sacrifice and toil for the public virtue and peace. Who has given us an open Bible, a risen Christ, a loving church and a common faith in a righteous and redeeming Lord. Who crowneth this year of grace with His bountiful Goodness.

Whittier's Life and Writings.

A second time this year we celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of an American poet. In February, it was Longfellow; now, Dec. 17, it is Whittier. Longfellow was ten months ahead of Whittier in the journey of life and had been in his grave ten years when the summons of the death-angel came to Whittier. The personal history of two contemporaries, both attaining eminence in the same profession could scarcely be more diverse than in this case. Longfellow, surrounded in childhood and youth by the best in culture and education that the state of Maine afforded; educated in one of the best colleges of his day, with talented, ambitious young men for college mates; and blessed with an ample physique for enduring and profiting by extensive foreign travel and study afforded by a full purse, was the product of well used opportunity. But how different was it with Whittier! Note these glimpses of his career, and mark the contrast.

BIOGRAPHY.

At the old Whittier homestead, Haverhill, Massachusetts, December 17, 1807 was born John Greenleaf Whittier. He grew to manhood in this severely religious but as severely poor home. The farm upon which the family resided and from which they drew their living, responded but poorly to the art of cultivation, and life was an endless toil. There were in the family, the parents, two sons, two daughters, a maiden aunt, and a bachelor uncle. John Greenleaf's health was poor, and it is said that the drudgery of farm labor in winter and scant clothing made inroads on his constitution from which he suffered through his long life.

The only schooling he got was a few weeks in the district school in mid-winter till his eighteenth year, and two terms thereafter, of six months each, at the Haverhill Academy. At the age of fifty, Harvard college conferred upon him the degree of Master of Arts, and six years later Brown University the degree of doctor of laws.

Whittier's education was not supplemented by travel. If he had had health, he had not the money for such luxury. He

scarcely ever went beyond the bounds of Massachusetts. For a brief period, however, he did editorial work in Hartford, and in New York, and afterwards and for a longer period, in Philadelphia. We learn from Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, that late in life, some friends offered him the use of a cottage in Florida, but he declined the offer, saying he was too much wedded to Massachusetts to go so far away.

Two persons largely influenced Whittier's life and poetry. One was Robert Burns, a copy of whose poems was lent him by his first teacher, Joseph Coffin. The Scottish bards' lyrics struck fire in the rustic Quaker boy's soul, and henceforth, Burns became his inspiration in ballad and song. The other who had such large influence upon him, especially upon the content of his thought and the direction of his spirit was William Lloyd Garrison. These two influences came early into his life. He was only fourteen years old, when Mr. Coffin, one day, visited the Whittier home, and read some verses from Burns's poems. Young Whittier, till then, had read no poetry, except what he had found in the Bible, of which he had been a close student. Burns's poetry was fascinating to him and the owner granted his request to borrow the volume, by leaving it with him. After diligent study Whittier says he mastered the Scottish dialect at the end of the volume and set to writing verses. It was five years, or so, after this that his sister, Mary, sent one of his poems, "The Exile's Departure" to William Lloyd Garrison, then the editor of the Newburyport Free Press. Garrison liked the poem and came to the humble Whittier home to see the Author. The two souls were kindred and a strong friendship was the result. While Garrison was but two years older than young Whittier, yet he was a far more vigorous spirit and had no little experience for one of his years. A dissolute father though of refined tastes, had brought the family to such straightened circumstances that the mother had hired herself out as a professional nurse and had apprenticed William to a shoemaker in Lynn before his fifteenth year. Failing health in the shoe-shop made it advisable to change his occupation, and he was next apprenticed to a cabinet maker. He did not stick here and by his seventeenth birthday we find him a journeyman in

a Newburyport printing office. Like Franklin, he soon learned to write for publication, and had some three years experience before launching the *Free Press* in 1826. His paper venture in Newburyport soon failed and he and Whittier went to Boston where he became editor, in his twenty second year, of *The American Manufacturer*, a paper advocating protective tariff.

Thus Garrison discovered Whittier, infused the spirit of universal freedom and peace into his soul, and introduced him to the World. For ten years after going to Boston, Whittier rose rapidly in popularity, principally because of his vigorous anti-slavery writing. But few young men have risen so rapidly. He was successively editor of *The Haverhill Gazette*, (1830), *The New England Review*, Hartford (1831), assistant editor *Emancipator and Anti-Slavery Reporter*, New York (1837), and editor *Pennsylvania Freeman*, 1838-40. When we remember that Philadelphia was then the center of literary culture in America, we can more fully appreciate the changes that a decade wrought in Whittier's life. His opposition to slavery, however, met with mob violence more than once in Massachusetts; while a member of the Massachusetts legislature 1835 he was stoned by a mob in Concord, New Hampshire; and while editing the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, Pennsylvania Hall, the building from which his paper was issued, was attacked by a mob and burned May 17, 1838. But Whittier was not a quitter; he continued the publication till failing health forced him to give it up nearly two years later. His anti-slavery writing brought trouble to others, as well as to himself. It is a matter of record that "a physician in Washington, Dr. Crandall, languished in prison until he contracted a fatal illness, under sentence for reading a borrowed copy of Whittier's pamphlet, *Justice and Expediency*."*

In 1836 Whittier had sold the old Haverhill homestead and purchased the Amesbury home to which he returned in 1840 when he left Philadelphia. The remainder of his life, except a few months devoted to editorial work in Lowell 1844, was spent here where he wrote for magazines, the principal

*Atlantic Monthly Vol. 100 page 853.

means of earning a livelihood. Through the fifty-two remaining years of his lonely bachelor life, he divided his time, between reading, writing and entertaining friends who passed that way. He was so feeble most of the time that he could neither read nor write more than half an hour at a time.

In a letter to Celia Thaxter July 28 1870, he speaks as follows of his little room in the Amesbury house: "My little room is quite enough. * * * * * The sweet calm face of the pagan philosopher and emperor, Marcus Antonius, looks down upon me on one hand, and on the other, the bold, generous, and humane countenance of the Christian man of action, Henry Ward Beecher; and I sit between them as a sort of compromise."

Among other friends who visited him were Alice and Phoebe Cary and Mary A. Dodge. He speaks of the two former, and especially of Phoebe in *The Singer* 1872, by this beautiful tribute:

"Years since (but names to me before)
Two sisters sought at eve my door;
Two song-birds wandering from their nest,
A gray old farm house in the west.
How fresh of life the younger one
Half tears, half smiles like rain in sun,
Her gravest mood could scarce displace
The dimples of her nut-brown face,
Wit sparkled on her lip, not less
For quick and tremulous tenderness;
And following close her merriest glances,
Dreamed through her eyes the heart's romances.

Miss Dodge had published serially in the Independent a book called *Woman's Worth and Worthlessness*, and in 1871 she had it published in book form. Whittier whom she pettishly called her angel, was presented with a complimentary copy which he criticises partly as follows in a letter to Miss Dodge March 1 1872: "I quarreled with thee often as I read, but, after all, laid the book down with a most profound respect for the wise little woman who wrote it. I shall not put my quarrels on paper, but when a kind providence gives me an opportunity, I shall 'withstand thee to thy face.' I will

simply say that my old bachelor reverence for woman has been somewhat disturbed by thy revelations. I am not going to condemn her because thee turns Satan's evidence against her."

Whittier's circle of close friends was as different from the Cambridge group of which Longfellow was long the central figure, as were the lives of the two poets. Longfellow was the polished gentleman among gentlemen, a tireless worker, a popular, influential Harvard professor. Whittier was a sort of recluse somewhat eccentric, likely to leave the home of his host without even saying "goodbye," especially if a little too much company should come in. This apparent uncivility may have been due, in part at least, to the fact that he could not endure excitement. In youth physicians warned him to avoid excitement, for by so doing he might live to his fiftieth year. It is a bit difficult to conclude, however, that a lively company of friends in the drawing room could possibly be a greater peril to pulmonary weakness than a public stoning or other mob violence.

In personal appearance, Whittier was not the most prepossessing. Throughout his life, he adhered to the peculiarity of Quaker dress. One, a friend, in 1853, described him as having "a good exterior, a figure slender and tall, a beautiful head with refined features, black eyes full of fire, dark complexion, a fine smile, and lively but very nervous manner. Both soul and spirit have overstrained the nervous cords and wasted the body. He belongs to those natures who would advance with firmness and joy to martyrdom in a good cause, and yet who are never comfortable in society, and who look as if they would run out of the door every moment."* Another describes him as being of a nervous-bilious temperament, tall, slender, and straight as an Indian; a superb head; his brow like a white cloud under his raven hair; eyes large, black, and glowing with expression.† Of his shyness Nora Perry is quoted page 386 by Francis H. Underwood in his biography of Whittier, as saying, "He is generally spoken of

*Frederika Bremer in *Homes of the New World*.

†George W. Bungay in *Crayon Sketches or Off-Hand* 1854.

as a shy man, avoiding all society. If by society we mean large parties, dinners and receptions, the general idea is a true one. But I think that no one enjoys the society of a few friends better than this accredited society hater. * * * No one relishes a good story more, nor can relate one with better grace." Mr. Underwood in expressing his own opinion page 375 of the biography regards Whittier as neither "odd" nor "eccentric" (in usual parlance) but as of marked personality and strong individual flavor in all his utterances. Mary B. Claflin the year after his death, published *Personal Recollections* of Whittier in which she says, "Though ordinarily shy and cautious and reserved, he could, under favorable circumstances, blossom into rare graciousness and sympathy of speech and manner.

WRITINGS.

There were two sources of Whittier's inspiration. One was his love of freedom and sympathy for the oppressed of every name and order; the other was New England rural life. Unlike Garrison, he believed freedom should come to the slaves of the South through political channels. He believed in creating a public sentiment that would result in emancipation of the slaves as it had set the Quakers of New England free from the heartless persecution at the hands of the Puritans. The wounded blood from these persecutions flowed in his veins and sang its lamenting *Cassandra Southwick*. Those who find fault with his verse because of poor art, usually admit that there is a sincerity, a sympathy, an earnestness that gives much of its enduring quality. Because he had no model is not necessarily cause for saying that he wrote no poetry. It is a question, after all, as to what poetry is. If it is in the art, then Pope is greater than Shakespeare; if it is in melody and harmony and music, then Tennyson is greater than Browning. "Art," says one, "may lift an inferior talent to higher estimation, but genius makes a very little art go a long way. This was Whittier's case. The poetic spark was in-born in him, living in his life; and when academic criticism has said its last word, he remains a poet."*

*George E. Woodberry, in *Atlantic Monthly*, 1892, vol. 70, pp. 643-45.

Whittier published his first volume in 1831—*Legends of New England*. It contained eleven poems and seven prose sketches, and was printed in the office of the *Hartford Review*, of which he was then editor. Whatever the author thought of this production when it came from the press, it is known that he would gladly have suppressed it later in life. In an edition of his collected works issued from *The Riverside Press*, 1888, Whittier discards everything in this first volume, except two of the eleven poems, and changes the title of one of them. Whenever he could get hold of a copy he would destroy it, and he is said to have paid five dollars for one copy, which he burned. Others, however, prize the little volume more highly. Since the author's death, one copy sold for \$31.00, another for \$40.00 and a third for \$41.00.*

Other publications came as follows:

Moll Pitcher, 1832; *Justice and Expediency*, 1833; *Mogg Magone*, 1836; *Poems Written During The Progress of the Abolition Question in the United States*, between 1830-38. 1837; published by Isaac Knapp of Boston. *Lays of My Home and other Poems*, 1843; *The Stranger in Lowell*, 1845; *Voices of Freedom*, 1849. This volume contained what he wrote from 1833-48, to arouse the American conscience against the evils of slavery. *Songs of Labor* came in 1850. In 1847 he became a correspondent of the *National Era*, the anti-slavery paper published in Washington, and it was in this that *Maud Muller* was first published, 1854. *The Gift of Tritemius* appeared in November, 1857, in the first number of *The Atlantic Monthly*. *The Blue and Gold* edition of his poems, 1857. *Telling The Bees*, in *The Atlantic Monthly*, 1858; *Home Ballads, and Other Poems*, 1860; *In War Time, and Other Poems*, 1863; *Snow Bound* (his best poem) and *Prose Works*, in two volumes, 1866; *The Tent on The Beach*, 1867; *Among the Hills, and other Poems*, 1868; *Miriam, and other Poems*, 1870; *Mabel Martin*, 1874; *Centennial Hymn*, 1876; *The King's Missive, and other Poems*, 1881; *St. Gregory's Guest, and other Poems*, 1886; *Riverside Edition* of his writings, 1888; *At Sundown*, 1892.

*L. S. Livingston in *The Bookman*, vol. 8, p. 42.

Whittier had an abiding faith in the ultimate reign of universal freedom and international peace, and in that respect he is not surpassed by any American poet. In *Snow Bound* he ranks with Goldsmith in *The Deserted Village* and Burns in *Cotter's Saturday Night*. The *Barefoot Boy* interprets not only the New England boy's life, but also the American boy's life. *Skipper Ireson's Ride* meets with as responsive a mind in Dixie or in California, as if the amusing comedy given there had been transacted on these sunny or western shores. We shall likely come to feel, as the years go by, that Whittier was a national rather than a New England poet. His hymns are found in the church music of all denominations. In the collection of sixty-six hymns used at the World's Parliament of Religious in 1893, nine were from Whittier,—more than from any other poet.*

Whether Whittier will live in American literature no critic can tell, but it is significant that so many think he will, yet he appears to be read less and less every year. He has been dead only fifteen years, yet it seems as if it had been fifty. Mr. Charles F. Johnson six years after Whittier's death wrote, "Whittier, perhaps, less graceful than Longfellow, will influence men longer, for his content of thought is more weighty and the emotions called out by a great struggle pulsate his verse."† We take time to cite only one other critic that is of this opinion. Mr. Barrett Wendell in a careful study of Whittier says: "Before considering his works in detail, I suggested that his chance of survival is better than that of any other contemporary American man of letters. * * * In the first place, he has recorded in a way as yet unapproached the homely beauties of New England Nature. In the second, he accepted with all his heart the traditional democratic principles of equality and freedom * * * These principles he uttered in words whose simplicity goes straight to the heart of the whole American people. Whether these principles be true or false is no concern of ours here. If our republic is to live, they are the principles which must

* *Atlantic Monthly* vol. 100 p. 859.

† *Elements of Literary Criticism* p. 126.

prevail. And in the verses of Whittier they are preserved to guide posterity, in the words of one who was incapable of falsehood."*

**Stellegers and Other Essays Concerning America p. 200*

W. P. LAWRENCE.



Tennyson's Age and Influence.

The poetic spirit of the Victorian Age has found its fullest and most characteristic expression in the poetry of Tennyson. What is great and what is weak in it, he has exhibited as no other has done, and his is likely to remain throughout all future time, the one representative name.

The England of his time, found in him, more than in any other of the poets, a reflection of its being and thought, and for a knowledge of its temper and its inspiration, we must turn to him.

It was this sympathy with English life and thought, as he knew it, which in no small degree, gave to his poetry its genuine merit.

In one thing however, he was not at sympathy with the England of his day. Although the spirit of the times was largely democratic, Tennyson was never democratic at heart. He believed the power should rest in the hands of the men who had had the best opportunity to know how to use it. Freedom, he thought, was safer with them. He would not risk it with the babbling multitude. This view of his is clearly seen in "Locksley Hall."

But he was in working sympathy with whatever of intellectual, aesthetic, or moral progress his country and age struggled for.

In time of Art revival, he was the poet to make beauty real and vital to the hearts of men. Never, before had the English people realized the true worth of Art, or led Europe in its expression.

Tennyson began his career as a poet when the re-action from the revolutionary movement had almost spent its force, and before the new and noble spirit of reform had been largely awakened. He represented his time in its aspirations for liberty; its sympathies for humanity, and its love of the artistic. It was a time when the Oxford movement was a wide influence in the life of England, a time that was marked by an extension of suffrage, a decay of absolutism, and an uplifting of the working classes, and by a greatly increased love for the beautiful. His is the incarnate voice of cultured and refined England in his time.

But as it has ever been, doubt, skepticism, criticism, and loss of faith must creep in, in times which otherwise show the greatest progress of a nation or an age. And when Tennyson passed from the High School to the University, religious life in England had very much decayed. The spirit which had animated Wesley had now become cold. The religious feeling if the previous decades was very much on the decline.

It fell to the poets lot to live at a time when faith in immortality was attacked by more men of greater skill than ever before. Tennyson felt every form of this attack within himself. He even battled with it as he felt it, but he won a perfect victory. And he sympathized deeply with those who had to fight the same battle. He had fought his own battles, and had conquered in them, but the times in which he lived would not let him rest. He had to fight against the feeling of the age. The Argument of Darwin, that our consciences and our emotions, came by descent from the brutes, was used as an argument against immortality. There was rapidly increasing, among certain classes a sort of naked materialism, more or less cynical. Among those who still clung to their faith there was no longer peace. Strong doubts and questions troubled them, and faith at times veiled her face. Men and women fought for the truth dearest to them. As "Arthur fought with his foes, in the dim, weird battles of the West, amid a chill and blinding vapor, looking up to Heaven, only to see the mist." Then it was that Tennyson, feeling all the new trouble of the world, took up the sword against his own skepticism and against the skepticism of the age in which he lived. The mystery of life, side by side with the love of God deepened around him. And he felt that the only answer was in clinging to the conviction of a life to come. A life freed from doubts, one which should be a full, a perfect union with God. And he, in his great love for humanity, had led others, who have known the same heart wrestlings, from their sorrow and doubt into peace and victory. others, who in times of darkness, have well nigh doubted God, up the same stairs which he had climbed from darkness up to light.

EFFIE ISELEY.

Books of My Childhood.

A writer of the present generation who attempts to recall the books read in childhood, may still expect that many readers of the same age will recall the same—that perhaps in some, tender, pathetic, and mystic memories may reassert themselves, rousing faint echoes of the choir—voices, piercing sweet, and glorious organ-tones that once pealed through the vast cathedral of holy infancy. Where are the books of my childhood? Few of us, I fear, can reply! “On my book shelves.” The most we can claim is a few precious survivals—a Bible, given on an early birthday, a Shakespeare, or some other poet, presented as a reward for our youthful efforts in recitation,—perhaps a beloved Grimm or Hans Anderson. Many of our old favorites are out of print! and, for the rest, what would a new copy be to us compared with that which we loved and thumbed, which charmed away our sullenness, and caused us to forget all time, particularly mealtimes, and the fascinations of which sustained us under Nurse’s contemptuous rebukes for woolgathering?

The pansy at my feet

Doth the same tale repeat;

Whither is fled the visionary gleam?

Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

One who writes on this subject must therefore be content to rely chiefly on the memory, which, indeed, though liable enough to error as to facts is very trustworthy with regard to impressions. The first book which I can remember reading was the “Red Spelling Book.” I know no other name. It belongs to a period when we were still called upon to go to bed in the middle of the day, but were beginning to find this rest unnecessary, and discovered for the first time, that reading was an excellent occupation when you were not allowed to play. In the “Red Spelling Book” there was a picture of a little boy on a stile, his arms extended, with his right hand to the rising sun, “Before him is north and behind him is south.” I still often mentally place myself in this boy’s attitude, and (such is the force of early association) clothe myself in the little old fashioned garments in which the Red

Spelling Book depicted him. The only other distinct memory in connection with this book is a description of the form of a Greek temple. This was near the end, where the words at the bottom of the page became terribly polysyllabic.

It is strange to recall the impressions made on one by the early acquaintance with the Bible. Together with an intense appreciation of the dramatic parts and of the the magnificent diction, a profound reverence for the glory and pathos of the story told in the Gospels, and a half-puzzled recognition of the connection between these works and "trying to be good" went the most ludicrous misunderstandings. A child will often show great ingenuity in providing itself with a plausible explanation of a phrase, which, at first sight seems to it utterly unintelligible. I remember being much exercised by the expression in one of the Psalms.—"Though ye have lien among the pots." What was "lien?" Something evidently, that you could have among the pots.

Now I know that the French word *lien* has something to do with binding—which was used in binding plants.

This, it was triumphantly evident what the people in the Psalm had! I had the misfortune not to come across, "The Arabian Nights" at an earley age, but the scriptures had made me familiar with Oriental imagry, and then there were "The Tales of the Genii," and, above all, "Lalla Rook." I suppose few adult persons now care for "Lalla Rook." But what words of delight are opened before a child when it first enters that wonderful land where every one lives in a marble palace, where the eye is dazzled with the blaze of jewels, where cold is unknown, and the heat is tempered by delicious fountains and iced sherbert; where, instead of doing lessons, sitting up at a table in a plain frock, pinafore, and "strong shoes" one reclines on luxurious couches, amid the scent of roses, clothed in silk and velvet of brilliant colors, where clapping one's hands brings an army of respectful slaves. And where to add zest to these somewhat enervating joys. there was always the possibility that the terribly power of some ruler pouncing out from the dark back ground in which this brilliant picture was framed, might suddenly place one in so menacing a situation that the greatest cunning would be re-

quired in order to evade a violent death!

On one joyful birthday I was presented with "Grimm's Household Tales." Perhaps the greatest charm of the Grimm stories was their total in consequence and disregard of mere reason. We are told that Snow White dies of eating a poisoned apple, which yet never goes further than her mouth, and she recovers on having it jerked out. What a terrible perversion of physiological fact. A young man employs the aid of the Queen Bee in finding which is the youngest and prettiest of the three princesses, the great difficulty being that they are all exactly alike. Two children are made slaves of by the Sprite who lives under the water, but make their escape one Sunday when she has gone to church. These improbabilities were hailed with by our ill-regulated minds. The most definite fit of terror from which I remember suffering was brought on by reading a tale of DeQuincy's, "The Loaded Dice," This was at a time when I had begun to take books from the shelves, regardless of whether they were suited to my age. The scenes in the tomb; where the soldier is gazing, with softened feelings, at the inscription "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," and the devil, appearing to claim his soul, points significantly to the last three words, impressed itself with such dreadful distinctness on my mind that it was reproduced in my dreams that night; and when the horror woke me I kept myself for a long time from sleep, cold and trembling, for fear of coming under its power again. I remember Mother Goose, Water Babies, The Wide Wide World. It is pleasant consciousness later on when one has learned to love and reverence a great author, that one was introduced to him in childhood. When, as a young man, I first read "Les Misérables," at a certain point I began to be mystified by a sense of familiarity, a feeling that I knew what was coming. It was where Jean Valjean first meets Cosette and carries the water for her. I am glad to know that the charm for Hugo was upon me before I had ever heard that dear and great name. If readers are disposed to think that I must have been a child with an exceptionally morbid imagination, I would ask them first to try to recall impartially the incidents in their early years which struck them most, and secondly to show any child

a good illustrated edition of "The Pilgrim's Progress," and observe which pictures arrest its chief attention. The great allegory had, of course, a strong fascination for me, as it has for most people. I do not know at what age I began to read Shakespeare but my brother can not have been very old when we were told of some one's seeing Mr. Irving in Hamlet. We had a cousin, older than ourselves, on a visit, and the day after the play we informed her that she was Horatio, and every now and then one of us would, without the least warning totter backwards into her arms, gasping: "I die Horatio, the potent poison quite o'crows my spirit." It is futile to moan over "good old times" which were in some ways very bad; but perhaps an occasional attempt to recall the circumstances of our own childhood, and their affect on our characters, may help us in the consideration of that most difficult and burning question of the day—the education of our children.

J. J. LINCOLN.



Sybil Deane.

Beverly Hall was one of the oldest mansions in Virginia, situated on the James river forty five miles above Richmond. It was built when Virginia was first colonized and it had retained its ancient granduer. The Beverlys were one of the first and noblest families in Virginia, and said to be one of the most aristocratic. Never in past history had one of the Beverly married with one from the masses.

In the year of 1818 Beverly Hall was owned by Edward Beverly only son of James and Isabel Beverly. He was a true Beverly, dark and handsome. He married Inez Ross-treror, of Treror Hall England. They had only two children Edward Jr., and Inez. Edward inherited the fair beauty of his mother while Inez to the contrary was a true brunette.

Edward was sent to West Point to school at the age of sixteen. He remained here until he graduated six years later. And soon after he joined the army.

Inez who was now twelve years of age was sent to a boarding school.

Six years rolled by only too quickly to the beautiful Inez, who had fallen in love with her music master, a talented youth of twenty. Commencement day arrived and Inez and Herbert Deane parted with aching hearts. She returned to her old home where she reigned a queen.

One night just two months from the day she graduated, Inez and Herbert Deane eloped to Maryland, where they were secretly married.

Great was the consternation in the old mansion, when it was learned that she, whom they all loved, had married a poor music master. Her father in his anger disinherited her, and forbade the servants to mention her name in his presence. The shock killed her invalid mother and for that one act, she was turned adrift from her old home.

All went well with the happy couple until five years had elapsed, when the husband was stricken down with typhoid fever from which he never arose. In his death, Inez was left a widow, with a little girl just two years old. In her helpless-

ness she wrote home to her brother (her father having died just two months before,) But she received no aid from the stern bitter man, Since then nothing had been heard of the once fair Inez Berverly.

CHAPTER II.

On a dark stormy night in December, the winds were whistling and howling around the corners of an old mansion, which looked dark and formidable on this Christmas eve. All the servants had retired and only one light could be seen and that shone forth from the library window. Here before a smoldering fire the master sat with his head bowed in his hands. From appearance he seemed to be about forty-five years of age. There was a look of anguish on his face. The conscience of Edward Berverly was trying to reassert itself. He thought of that sister, of whom, for over a year no tidings had reached his ear. He wondered where she was, whether she was alive——

When lo! there is a tap on the window. He was on his feet in an instant. A large Newfoundland dog that had been dozing on the rug, gave an uneasy growl.

"Gyp what can this mean?" exclaimed Gen. Beverly. The dog gave a bound to the door, as if to say, "come lets see."

The man snatched up a lamp from the table and followed the dog to the door. This he pushed open and gazed out into the inky blacknes of the night. Blinded by the fury of the wind and rain he did not see the small bundle on the steps. But the dog, owing to his keener instinct, did. and grasping it in his large mouth he quietly carried it back to the library fire, and gently disposed his burden. a little girl of three summers, at the feet of his master.

So gently did the dog carry his burden that she did not awake. What a picture she made with one tiny hand clasping a golden necklace at her throat. Some slight noise disturbed her rest. She opened her eyes. Such eyes! Great black orbs that seem to pierce the very soul.

Edward Berverly sprang to his feet. What did he see? It could not be, yet, it surely must be his only sister come to life again.

The child not recognizing the strange face, began to cry in a pitiful voice: "Mama, mama, Ibit wants you, mama."

Gen. Berverly was touched. He raised his head. What power was it that made him glance toward the window? He looked and was startled to see a wild dark face pressed against the window pane. A face that poverty was plainly written upon. Only a moment and it was gone,

The better self of Edward Berverly was aroused, he rushed to the door, which he threw open, and without halting, sprang out upon the terrace. He stumbled, and almost fell over a figure lying prostrate on the ground at the gate. He raised it tenderly in his arms, and retraced his steps back to the fire. He placed his burden on the couch and rang the bell to summon his house-keeper to his aid. And with her help, they did all in their power to bring back life in the cold rigid form. She repaid their efforts, and revived for only a few minutes. She opened her eyes and murmured, "My baby, take care of her for my sake," and the spirit of Inez Deane crossed the dark border.

Three days from the day that she died, Inez Deane was laid away in the family burying ground. The village people assembled to pay their last tribute to the young girl, whom they had all loved so well. They could hardly recognize the white poverty stricken face of the Inez they had known.

When Gen. Berverly turned away from that grave, there was a sadder look on his face. His shoulders were stooped, and in all he looked ten years older than the proud man of three days ago. He returned to the mansion, and went straight to his study. On entering he closed and locked the door. Who can say what passed between the man, and his guardian angel? Suffice it to say, he was ever afterwards the protector and guardian of little Sybil. He became passionately fond of her. And she was soon the mistress of the whole household.

CHAPTER III.

Let us look at Edward Berverly. He had never married. His sister's marriage so soured and embittered him, that he never found any pleasure in the society of women. And until the entrance of Sybil, he had lived at the Hall alone. With

the exception of his servants, who loved and honored him, yet, dreaded his high temper, He was so stern that an order given was never disobeyed. No one but little Sybil could persuade him from a course when once he had decided upon it.

Seven years rolled by. Every thing was much the same, except little Sybil, who had grown into a beautiful girl of ten years. She was a genuine hoyaden. Not a tree around Beverly Hall but what she had climbed.

One cold morning in January the snow was one foot deep on the ground. The General descended to the breakfast-room. On entering he was surprised not to find his niece waiting for him as it was her custom to meet him there. He asked the man in attendance, "John, where is your young mistress?" "I don't know, yer honor," responded the man. Just at this minute Lane, the nurse, entered, pale as a corpse, exclaiming in an excited voice, "Marse, oh, marse, de young miss done gone and climbed up de highest beech tree on the lawn," at the same time dodging a glass aimed at her by the infuriated General. "By thunder!" exclaimed he, "that little wretch will be the death of us all," and hastening out on the lawn he spied his niece seated in one of the highest trees.

"Hello, Uncle! How are you?" exclaimed Sybil, when he came in hearing distance.

"By thunder! I'll teach you how to climb trees when I get you down, you little witch!" angrily replied her uncle.

"Hold out your arms, I am going to jump," said Sybil. Suiting the action to the word, she immediately vaulted out of her high perch. He had only time to catch her, but the assault was too much and uncle and niece both rolled over in the snow, from which Sybil arose exclaiming, "Oh, what fun!"

Not so with the General, who was angry at his niece and every one. Picking himself up as best he could he marched the little culprit into the house and on to a dark closet. Here he placed her to repent of her sins. Sybil was very angry at this—what she thought to be an insult to her position as mistress. She beat angrily upon the door, but found this useless, and to pass the time away she began to explore her dark quarters. Her foot struck something. "Oh, luck! what can

it be," thought she. She raised it up and found it to be very heavy. By the size and shape she was almost sure it was a jar. She carried it to where the key-hole let in a small ray of light. She raised the cover and discovered that it was a jar full of preserves.

"Great scott, won't I pay them for this," she exclaimed, and immediately began to eat the preserves with great relish. She then discovered really how hungry she was.

Before noon, her uncle's temper having cooled down, and missing the chatter of his "Nig" (as he nicknamed her) he decided to uncage his bird. But what was his amazement when, on opening the door, to find Sybil fast asleep, hands and face covered with preserves. The open jar told the story.

Sybil was a fine horse-woman and could manage a horse with the skill of one her senior in years.

Her uncle being a general in the cavalry was partial to horseback riding and taught "Nig" to ride at the age of five. She often accompanied him on his rides, and always rode her own pony, 'Fleetfoot.'

Sybil's education was really neglected. She had had several governesses, but had put them all to despair. She would often play truant from school, when her uncle thought the curly head bent over some difficult problem, she would be galloping miles away on her beloved pony.

So it was decided that she should be sent to school. "Nig" received this news from her nurse.

"Who's going to send me to school?" angrily demanded the spoilt beauty.

"Why, Miss Sybil, ole marse done said he gwine send you to a boarding school to l'arn a whole heap and gro' to be a lady," responded the nurse.

"But I don't want to learn or grow to be a lady, and I wont," angrily exclaimed Sybil.

But, nevertheless, the General was determined and so preparations were begun at once. By the first of September Sybil was sent to a boarding school at W——. I haven't space to tell of her many misdemeanors. She was the smallest child in school and therefore was the pet here as in her old home.

CHAPTER IV.

Five years have elapsed. There was a rumor of war and the General immediately sent for his niece.

The old mansion was in a bustle. Servants were flying to and fro. What was all this tumult for? Hark! There was a sound of wheels and Sam, the stable boy, stationed himself at the gate to get the first glimpse of his mistress. The carriage rolled in sight and was greeted by a chorus of hurrahs! hurrahs! from the small children. The moment that it stopped, Sybil sprang out; the same fair Sybil, only grown fairer with the lapse of years.

Had the hoyadenish air disappeared?

No, she was as full of life as ever. One of the first things she did on arriving at home was to mount her pony and go for a gallop over the hills.

The civil war now broke out in earnest. The General was one of the first to enlist. He left Sybil at home with the servants. The General disapproved of his course, but Sybil could not be induced to leave her old servants.

She was never frightened, even when rumors were afloat that cruel soldiers were burning the homes over the heads of defenseless women.

One day, while galloping along the highway leading by the Hall, she heard the distant sound of horse-hoofs, and glancing back she beheld a horseman riding at full speed in her direction. In a moment he was by her side. From his appearance she could tell he was a Union officer, and having in her heart a true hatred for the north, she slackened her pony to let him pass. Not so, the stranger, who drew up rein also and said, "whither away, my pretty maid?"

Sybil saw her very life was at stake. The sun was setting and she was three miles away from home. She could see by his face that he meant no good; but the witty "Nig" was equal to the occasion. She hesitated a moment and in that moment her resolution was made.

"Whither away, my pretty maid," repeated the stranger. "Oh!" exclaimed Sybil, tossing back her head, "I am on way home, and I am so glad you overtook me."

"Why! are you not afraid of me," asked the surprised stranger.

"Of course not, and I do so hate to go through this dark forest alone," replied Sybil. Sybil's pony was completely exhausted. She knew that she could not escape by racing, so regaining all her pluck she chatted the stranger with all her ability.

Both were walking their horses. The stranger, tiring of this, said to her in a sneering tone, "Pretty maid, alight from your pony and sit with me on yonder mound." She saw to resist would be fatal and arose in the saddle as if to alight, but glancing down exclaimed in a petulant voice, "No, I will not—the ground is covered with thorns. But I know of a nice place just a mile farther on; we will go there."

"Ah! my pretty maid, you think to escape me, but to please you, we will," he replied.

Hope arose in the girl's heart. On arriving at the place named the officer dismounted.

"But the ground is too damp here," she said.

"Ah! my bird, your whims wont do," laughed the stranger.

"But surely you will place something for me to sit on," said Sybil.

"To please you, yes," he replied, and proceeded to roll a log to the place. Now was Sybil's time. His horse was standing just in front of hers and lashing his horse with the whip, at the same time digging the spurs in her own, both were away before the officer had time to discover the manoeuvre, leaving the abashed stranger standing in the road.

CHAPTER V.

All went well with Bervely Hall until one day it was reported that Sherman's troops were coming; all were terror-stricken except Sybil, and when the soldiers filed into the old mansion and began ransacking the house from cellar to garret no one was cooler than the dauntless Sybil. All of the best wines were brought from the cellar and she herself waited upon the table.

Gen. Sherman, owing to the effect of the wine became very boisterous, discussing all of his plans before the young girl.

Sybil watched for a chance to escape from the room.

Seeing a moment when she could leave unobserved she did so and speeding to the barn, she saddled her pony and hastily writing a note to Lane, the nurse, telling her of her intentions she gave it to Sam cautioning him to eat it if it was discovered. Hastily springing in the saddle she was off like the wind. At daybreak she arrived at Gen. Lee's headquarters, after having been in the saddle twelve hours. Her strength was almost exhausted; delivering her message she sank in a swoon at the feet of that much loved General.

VI

After the raid of Sherman's army all was quiet and peaceful at the Hall, until one morning Sybil was awakened by, what seemed to her an earthquake. She hastily arose and, going to the window, discovered that a battle was in progress not more than five hundred yards from the Hall; and that which had seemed to her to be an earthquake was only the jar made by a cannon. Sybil watched the strife of the two lines, the blue and the grey. And when the battle ceased she threw a shawl around her shoulders and hastened to the place of the wounded. Here, by carrying water to one and to another of the dying and wounded, she was trying to do her duty. Near the place where the thickest of the fray had been she came across a young Lieutenant whose wounds a surgeon was attending. Dropping on her knees beside him, she asked in a voice full of pity. "Can I be of any help to you?"

"No, Miss, I fear not; poor fellow, his days are numbered." She sat down beside him and placed his head upon her lap, she asked the General: "Is there no hope at all."

"There is but one hope in the world and that is that he is not moved," the surgeon replied. Gladly she assented to stay with him, and all night the brave girl sat there among the dead and dying, listening to the groans of the wounded.

There was a strange sensation at the heart of Sybil; she could not understand it, why it was that this young officer, who was a Lieutenant in the Georgia Cavalry, should excite her sympathy so much.

At daybreak the young officer revived and, opening his

eyes, beheld the face of the beautiful girl bent over him. He closed his eyes as if he thought he had crossed that river and was gazing on the face of an angel.

He was removed to the Hall where he was nursed with the tenderest of care. And it was the same old story—love at first sight.

Two months later, the war having ended, the general returned to Beverly Hall. He had lost an arm in the cause of the south, but he said if it had been necessary he would gladly have given his other.

One month from the day that the General returned, there was a quiet wedding in the little village church. The bride was the beautiful Sybil Deane, the groom Lieut. Howard Hastings. Many were the well-wishes bestowed upon the happy couple.

The 2.30 mail carried with it the happy couple, bound for their home in Georgia, where Sybil reigned queen of her husband's heart and home.

PEARLE WALKER.





THE ELONIAN.



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EDITORIAL STAFF:

EDITORS-IN-CHIEF:

C. C. Howell, Clio Society. J. T. Kernodle, Philologian Society.
Miss Annie Spencer, Psiphelian Society.
Business Manager, J. A. Vaughan.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

A. C. Hall, Philologian Society. J. W. Barney, Clio Society.
Miss H. Ruth Stevick, Psiphelian Society.

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BUSINESS MANAGER'S NOTICE.

ALUMNI, OLD STUDENTS AND FRIENDS OF ELON COLLEGE!

One dollar per year will put THE ELONIAN in your post office box each month. We insist upon it, that the Alumni, old students and friends of Elon College subscribe to this magazine, that you may not only help us to make it a financial success, but also that you may keep in close touch with the "Elon spirit." We want you to know what we are doing, and

there is no better medium through which you can learn than through THE ELONIAN.

Send me one dollar, your name and address, at your earliest possible convenience. We want you to read the first copy.

Very respectfully,

J. A. VAUGHAN,
Bus. Mgr.

P. S. Patronize our advertisers!

Editorials.

"A Beginning of a New Year."

We are now stepping forward upon the threshold of a new year.

For several years we have been laboring for the up-building of a college magazine. For the past few months we have seen our labors rewarded, and now we are still pressing forward.

But, before we go any farther, it would be a good thing for us to stop and ask ourselves if we are going in the right direction? We have no answer, save the magazine, as it speaks for itself.

We see where improvements can be made and we hope from time to time to alter them; so that, by another new year, we will be able to see no faults whatever.

We ask, again, your co-operation in this up-building. We see where we are powerless without your help, and we ask that you help us by sending us a subscription to our magazine.

You know this has been '*The Elonian's*' first Christmas. It is young yet. Its growth and influence is to be attained. It will not win anything save by service in the future, and this we resolve to give. In so far as our knowledge and power permits, we aim to make '*The Elonian*' flourish and burn

anew under the influence of the literary pen—with this ideal in our hearts and this declaration on our lips: We wish you "Happy and Prosperous New Year."

A. E. S.

A National Curse.

We are glad that people are at last awadening to the fact that profanity is one the greatest curses of our nation. Profanity—"purposeless profanity," as *The Canadian Churchman*, of Toronto, calls it—is an American characteristic, and men, women and children are under its influence. To quote in part *The Churchman*: "This evil practice is one of the worst blots upon a state of things otherwise free from many serious blemishes. We are a sober, law-abiding, and in some other respects an exemplary, but we are a swearing people. Profanity is everywhere in evidence where men congregate. Walk down the street of almost any of our villages and country towns of an evening, sit for half an hour in a railway smoking-car, listen to the conversation that goes on among gangs of workmen, and your ears, sooner or later, nine hundred and ninety times out of a thousand, will be assailed with 'chunks of profanity,' flung about nearly always in apparent perfect good humor, and absolutely gratusly and aimlessly."

Another place where profanity is often heard is in the American schools and colleges, among the boys especially. Even among the girls there is a vast amount of "slang" used which approaches more or less the stronger language used by those of the other sex.

In spite, however, of the fact that there is much of this kind of language used in our schools, it is here that we must look largely for its eradication. It is in the school that the correct use of language is taught and here we should acquire the habit of pure thinking and pure speaking.

Then let each school boy and school girl strive to put down this pernicious habit. Let all of us strive to destroy this curse (for curse it is) to the American people.

J. T. K.

A Bon Voyage.

It is with no small degree of pardonable pride that the editors of *The Elonian* print the following message of kindly encouragement from Prof. Dunn of Wooster University, who, as will be seen in his letter printed below, is a true and staunch friend of all that tends to heighten the educational ideal. Such words of encouragement and worthy advice are always welcome and especially so to us who are endeavoring to make our college magazine a success. The beautiful sentiment breathed from the letter of the professor shall be no small part of our assets and shall aid us in our endeavor to make for *The Elonian* a "Bon Voyage."

C. C. H.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE ELONIAN:—

I have no doubt that it was through the courtesy of your Professor Lawrence that I received the initial number of *The Elonian*. I am glad if it is so. I came to know your Professor Lawrence while we were both studying at Yale University and through our kindred taste for English Literature we were drawn together often. I came to know the man well, and, because of his sterling good sense, upright character and love for his chosen work, I came also to love him. Many a walk did we take together around classic old New Haven and the thoughts of them remain as bright stars in the fadeless sky of memory. You can, therefore, understand my interest in your paper.

But apart from this I wish to congratulate you on the excellence of your first number, and to express the hope that the magazine may grow better and better with each year. I am interested in all that pertains to the growth and exten-

sion of Ghristian education, and I am sure that nothing does more to bind the hearts of students and alumni to their Alma Mater than a *good* college paper,—hence, my words to you. The launching of such an enterprise, however, is fraught with dangers;—dangers, though, which can be overcome by hard and persistent effort. The promoters of the enterprise are almost always called upon to sacrifice much in the way of labor and time, that the paper may live. But sacrifice for such a cause is worthy and noble sacrifice. I hope that every college student will learn, early in his career, to seek work rather than ease. When the lesson of work is learned, the college paper will not lack supporters.

In this connection allow me to share a little of my reading with you. Recently, I spent a pleasant hour with that inspiring essay of Robert Louis Stephenson,—*Aes Triplex*. I urge every student to read it. The essay closes with the following thoughts: "It is not only in finished undertakings that we ought to honor useful labor. A spirit goes out of the man who means execution, which outlives the most untimely ending. All who have meant good work with their whole hearts have done good work, although they may die before they have time to sign it. Every heart that has beat strong and cheerfully has left a hopeful influence behind it in the world, and pettered the tradition of mankind. * * * * * For surely, at whatever age (death) overtake the man, this is to die young. Death has not been suffered to take so much as an illusion from his heart. In the hot fit of life, a tip-toe on the highest point of being, he passes at a bound to the other side. The noise of the mallet and chisel is scarcely quenched, the trumpets are hardly done blowing, when, trailing with him clouds of glory, this happy-starred, full-blooded spirit shoots into the spiritual land."

After I finished, the last two sentences haunted me, and gradually my thoughts shaped themselves as follows. I have not even given the verses a name, but perhaps "A Life Prayer" would be as satisfactory as any:

Lord grant my work may never finished be,
Let my tasks never be fulfilled, complete,
Is that the future stretching distantly;

Does offer nothing to my onward gaze,
That seems to lure me on through weary days.

Much rather let me always work for thee,
Reach for the next task ere the last is done,
To some high Pisgal-top wilt thou lead me;
And show the Promised Canaan far below,—
The boundless vistas where the Soul may grow.

Lord, grant that life may never pall my taste,
Show me the glory and the worth of all;
Take from my soul the dreary, barren waste,
And let the sun shine on the rugged way,
To change the gloom of life to brightest day.

Then let me die with banners waving high,
With blare of trumpets and with bugle sound,
With hearts all glowing and with battle-cry;
Pressing right onward in the thickest strife,
Passing from this to the next greater life.

With these thoughts I shall leave you, and as *The Elonian* sails out, at the beginning of its voyage, it has my heartiest and cheeriest wishes for a *Bon Voyage!*

WALDO H. DUNN.

University of Wooster, Wooster, Ohio.



	<h2 style="margin: 0;">Locals.</h2>	
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(MISS RUTH STEVICK.)

"Sic itur ad astra."

The hardest week of the Fall term—examination week—is now a thing of the past.

Now we begin a new year, and here is hoping that it may be a pleasant and profitable one for every one.

Thanksgiving day was spent in the usual way, with suspension of rules during the day and the Philologian entertainment in the evening. One new feature was added, however. The band gave a concert in the rear of the auditorium a few minutes before the exercises began. It was a delightful feature and gave our visitors a sample of our music, which is excellent for a band so young as ours.

A few former graduates who spent Thanksgiving here were: Mr. A. Lucius Lincoln, '07, Miss Flora Thompson, '07, and Prof. R. C. Cox, '03.

The Christian Endeavor and the Sunday School here have bought new song books. Prof. Pritchette leads in the singing, and the music will be an attractive feature in the religious meetings.

Miss Helen Burlingame, of Greensboro, visited Miss Alma Newman here just before the holidays.

Dr. Newman is very much improved, and has resume his work. We are very glad to have him back again.

Miss Eleanor Elliott, a teacher in Graham, spent the third Sunday in December here with Bronna Clymer.

The Christmas music recital came off the evening of December 13. The following program was very much enjoyed by all present:

PIANO AND SONG RECITAL

ELON COLLEGE CHAPEL

Friday Evening, December 13, 1907.

PROGRAM:

Chopin	Polonaise	Piano Solo
	Miss Virgie Holland	
Metcalf	Song of Gold	Bass Solo
	Mr. Simeon Atkinson	
Mattei	Dear heart	Baritone Solo
	Mr. W. F. Howell	
Villa	One fond caress	Soprano Solo
	Miss Bessie Gilliam	
Lohr	Out of the deep	Bass Solo
	Mr. H. G. Miller	
Wachs	Capricante	Piano Solo
	W. N. Huff	
Trottere	In a sylvan glade	Tenor Solo
	Mr. Claude Fonville	
Coombs	Slumber song of the sea	Mezzo. Sop. Solo
	Miss Ocie Whitley	
Kjerulf	Last night	Bass Solo
	Mr. J. W. Barrett	
Godard	Fourth Mazurka	Piano Solo
	Miss Ruth Stevick	
Metcalf	Land o' the Leal	Baritone Solo
	Mr. J. H. Reitzel	
Gaynor	"Rose Songs"	Soprano Solo
	a—If I but knew	
	b—Because she kissed it	
	c—In my garden	
	Mrs. W. A. Harper	

Elliott	In Blossom-land	Tenor Solo
	Mr. W. W. Elder	
Nevin	"A day in Venice"	Piano Solo
	No. 1—A love song	
	No. 2—The Gondolier	
	Miss Alma Newman	
Elliott	Rose time morning	Soprano Solo
	Miss Ethel Clements	

On the Evening of December 13, during the music recital, fire broke out in the two-story house next the old post office building. No one was there except Mr. Banks, who was sick. When the alarm was given most of the boys left the college and began fighting fire. They saved the old building adjoining, but the club-house was completely destroyed. Very few young men saved anything from their rooms.

Prof. L.—Miss Annie, isn't Miss Helfinstine going to Europe next summer?

Miss S.—No, sir; She's going to Germany.

Miss Herring, a student at Draughon's Business College in Raleigh, was here helping in the President's office before Christmas.



College Organizations.

THE LITERARY SOCIETIES.

The high degree of excellence attained in the literary societies of Elon College is evidenced in the several annual entertainments given to the public by these. The first one of the school year was the annual entertainment of the Philologian Society, given on Thanksgiving evening, 1907. The Clio and Psiphelian Societies give their entertainments in the beginning of the Spring term and the annual inter-society debate of the Philologians and Clios will be given Easter.

These different public occasions have not only done honor to those who have taken part in them and to the individual societies, but they have reflected credit and honor upon the institution. In these there has been no pretentious display of learning—no presumptuous air of pedantry—just the workings of the societies are shown and the real talent and ability of the young women and young men evidenced.

The Phi entertainment was a success in every way—the entire programme was one of pleasure and interest to all who were present. The music, both instrumental and vocal, was a delightful feature of the evening, while the addresses and the orations were enjoyable as well as instructive. The debate was of unusual fervency—both sides did themselves credit.

The following is the program as rendered:

PROGRAMME

PHILOLOGIAN LITERARY SOCIETY ENTERTAINMENT

- PIANO SOLO—Capricante.....Wacks
W. N. Huff
- LIMERICKS.....W. H. Elder
- QUARTETTE—The Owl and the Pussy-cat.....Ingraham
Messrs. Warren, Fonville, Reitzel and Miller

ORATION—The Home in the Government

Junius H. Reitzel

CLARINET SOLO—Waberton's March.....Miller

H. G. Miller

DEBATE

QUERY:—Resolved, That the American Merchant Marine
should be built up by Subsidies and Rebates.

AFFIRMATIVE:

NEGATIVE:

Warner L. Wells

W. Carl Whitaker

Leon E. Smith

Wm. Franklin Warren

QUARTETTE—Ma Honey Blossom.....Nevin

Messrs. Warren, Elder, Reitzel, Miller

Decision of Judges

CHORUS—Sailing.....Marks

PRESIDENT.....John T. Kernodle

SECRETARY.....W. A. Phillips

MARSHALS

J. B. Fearrington, Chief

William L. Hardister

Willie Winstead

J. Sipe Fleming

November 28, '07—Evening

Y. M. C. A.

Messrs. J. A. Vaughan and A. C. Hall, delegates to the Thirty-sixth International Y. M. C. A. Convention, which was held Nov. 22-26, made a very interesting report of their trip, to the student body on Sunday evening, Dec. 1. They reported a pleasant as well as a profitable occasion.

In this convention most every civilized country of the world was represented—there were 2020 delegates—and the motto, "Unum in Christo," which waved over the assembly, was not in the least misrepresentative of the feeling which permeated the vast throng. The speakers of the Convention were men of ability and of power in the world, and they have had no little influence in the advancement of the Y. M. G. A. work. Our college organization and every Y. M. C. A. organ-

ization represented at this Convention will be stimulated by the reports of their delegates and be filled with a stronger impetus for future activity.

A. C. H.



Among Those of Other Days.

"Forsan et haec olim meminisse iuvabit."

W. H. Boone graduated with the degree of Ph. B. in '94. After his graduation at Elon he studied medicine at Davidson College. Mr. Boone married Miss Bessie Moring, daughter of Hon. John M. Moring. Miss Moring was also a student at Elon and lived here just before her marriage. Mr. Boone is now a successful doctor at Morrisville, N. C.

R. T. Hurley was a member of the class of '94. He studied law at the University of North Carolina, and began the practice of law at Troy, N. C. Mr. Hurley died at the hospital in Baltimore. He is said to have been one of the finest students ever at Elon College.

W. J. Laine studied for the ministry. He made his degree of A. B. at Elon in 1894. After completing his college course he spent some time at the Divinity School of Harvard University. He located in Suffolk, Va., and served several churches in the neighborhood of that place. He died in Suffolk, May 28, 1898. He was one of the most devout ministers that ever served in the Christian pulpit.

W. P. Lawrence after his graduation in '94, became instructor in Elon College. Later he was connected with the Christian Sun, as Business Manager. He was elected to the Chair of English at Elon in 1904, and, on leave of absence, spent the year 1905-06 at Yale University.

J. H. Jones took the degree of A. B. at Elon in 1894. After finishing at Elon, he spent three years at Harvard University. Mr. Jones is a minister in the Unitarian church and is located at Minneapolis, Minn.

Mrs. E. H. Morris (nee Rowena Moffitt) graduated in the year '94. She is the sister of the present President of

Elon College. She was married Dec. 16, 1897, to Mr. E. H. Morris, who is a prominent merchant of Asheboro, N. C.

D. W. Cochran taught school several years after his course, in '94. He was married to Miss Minnie Phipps, of near Greensboro, N. C. A few years later he moved to Greensboro, where he has since well filled a position as Insurance Agent.

S. A. Holleman graduated in 1894, and later took his degree of M. A. at Elon. He was chosen instructor in the preparatory department and was afterwards elected Prof. of Mathematics. In 1902 he became Cashier of the People's Bank of Burlington, N. C., and is now with the Southern Life Insurance Co., of Greensboro, N. C.

J. T. K.



	<h2 style="margin: 0;">Exchanges.</h2>	
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Et monere et moneri proprium est verae amicitiae et alterum libere facere, non aspere, alterum, patienter accipere non repugnanter.

Our position has been an unusually pleasant one this month; due to the fact that our December numbers of our exchanges contain a larger number of stories, essays and other matter, the majority of which we read with interest and a corresponding amount of pleasure.

Randolph-Macon Monthly. The Randolph-Macon Monthly contains for this month several stories of more than ordinary interest, among them 'A Twentieth Century Ghost Story,' 'Christmas Jack,' and 'The Champ.' The author of 'Purpose' has given us a skillful discussion of his subject. The poetry we consider very creditable. As a whole the Monthly maintains its standard very well.

The Georgian. The Georgian brought with it its accustomed entertainment and, as before, we find much in it to commend; not the least of which is the fact that it is almost entirely the product of University students. Would that more of us had the student support that The Georgian seems to us to have. In its section devoted to Southern Poets, the author of 'Sidney Lanier' has given us an interesting and valuable biographical sketch of that sweet singer of the South. 'How Can a University Boy Best Serve His State' presents in a clear, convincing manner the opportunities and attendant responsibilities of the young man who is favored with a college or university education. The 'Merry Scrivener of Winchester' is an amusing story of the discomfiture of a boastful knight by nimble witted clerk. We enjoyed 'The Lash' and 'The Alien,' two short poems. The Exchanges were no less interesting to us.

The Red and White. The Red and White is devoted, for the greater part, to foot-ball news, which is hardly censurable in view of the magnificent rec-

ord of the team representing that institution during the season just closed. The author of 'Breeding Disease—Resistent Varieties of Plants' shows considerable acquaintance with his subject. While such reading can hardly be classed as literature, one who is capable of producing such possesses a knowledge that will be of much value, not only to himself but to the great army of American farmers. The humorous department was very good.

We consider the December Tattler somewhat inferior to the preceding number, likewise the amount of literary matter less. 'The Rescue' was, in our opinion, partly spoiled by its conclusion. We dislike to be compelled to furnish a conclusion for a story written by another. 'Supernatural' is a wierd tale, very effectively told.

Not having as yet received the December number of the *Mercerian* we may briefly review the issue of the preceding month. 'Hawthorne as an Artist' presents for us some of the artistic traits of the celebrated author. 'The Man of *Mistry*' was an interesting story of rural life with an amusing sequel. As a whole we would pronounce the November *Mercerian* ordinary.

The College *Message* of Greensboro Female College contains several essays concerning historical and biographical subjects of some value, the titles of which are: 'The Founders of Salem,' and 'Edward Grieg.' 'A Romance of the Revolutionary War' we found to be a pleasing bit of fiction. The humorous section, while short, was very good.

The early Renaissance treats of the growth and development of art in the fifteenth century. We found it not lacking in interest and value. In 'From *Milton* to *Pope*' we find a carefully prepared and ably treated essay on the development and changes in English literature between the eras in which the above writers lived. The '*Mission* of a College Girl' is well worth the reading of our college girls throughout the State. A Ro-

mance of the Jamestown exposition seemed to us somewhat crude and amateurish.

The December Gray Jacket contains an article entitled 'Study in Virginia Population,' which is of some value, treating as it does Virginia's industrial condition at some length. 'In Time But Too Late' is an automobile story creditably told.

The *Muse* has told us that its prime purpose is to keep its students and alumni in touch with the life of the school, hence we shall attempt no criticism. We should judge that it is following its ideal very closely and is a source of pleasure for those for whom it is chiefly edited.

If The *Elonian* should fall into the hands of any who have not yet favored us with an exchange copy, we trust we may soon be favored with a copy of the same. J. W. B.



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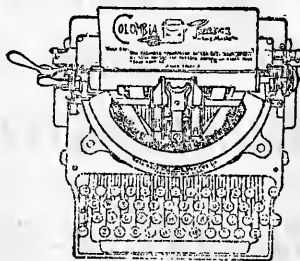
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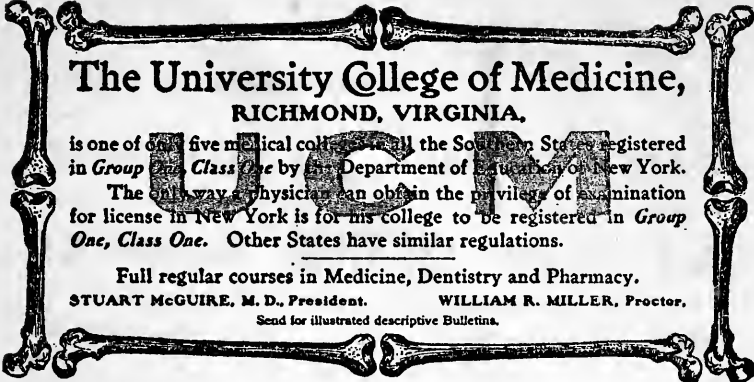
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